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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Hacks and Hackdom

THIS is the gilded age of the literary hack. Of the uncounted millions of magazines printed each month the lion's share is his, from first capital to last period. Grub Street on its most drunken Saturday night never imagined such a market. And it is not surprising that hack authorship has become a trade, with its own organizations, schools, and trade journals.

The hack trade hands out to beginners no more bunk probably than other low-grade, money-making enterprises in this land of advertising. There are "secrets" to be learned which prove to be elementary advice (much needed no doubt) in English Composition, and shrewd analysis of the tastes of editors. The programs and prospectuses for apprentices set forth rosy futures to follow upon a study of the "great American style" as found in the newsstand magazines, and assure the reader that the best preparation for successful authorship is to learn why last month's stories sold.

Perhaps it is the best preparation—for a hack; and a good hack writer is a more valuable member of society than a pretentious maker of bad literature. Such advice becomes a menace only when it deludes the young.

That is precisely what some of the trade journals of hackdom, and their advertisers, seem to be in danger of doing. They state, or imply, that their methods and their ideals will produce literature and lead to great financial success. As to the first, nothing of course could be more fallacious. The attempt to imitate the second-rate is destructive of all but the most robust talents, and the idea that a few rhetorical tricks will call forth invention and imagination from an unstocked, untrained mind is the last absurdity. Technique, even the most elementary technique, is important only to those who have something to say; and a study of the success of others is valuable only when that success is due to excellence, not accident, and only to a writer whose originality is sure.

* * *

As for financial success, there is a fallacy here too. Hack work is like most skilled labor today; a good laborer can earn a steady income of an amount which a century ago would have seemed incredible. But it is only in rare instances that the hack, born and trained as such, breaks through into higher levels, and then it is usually because he possesses a faculty for quantity production or for hitting the taste of the moment which is akin to genius, when, in short, he is not really a hack. The great money earners in the world of high-grade hackdom did not, as a rule, begin as hacks at all, but rather found that they had talents for mass production, and joined the hacks because they could do so much better in that broad field than the natural born.

It is quite possible that hack writing, or at least writing frankly designed for cultural levels which are low but immensely broad, will become the most profitable of all writing, and not merely for writers with a genius for popularity, but for every scribbler who can learn the trick of interesting the million. The audience for the author who can please most and offend none may become so great that the trade of hack writing will become big business, standardized in product and distribution, and controlled by unions or manufacturers' associations. Would this mean the extinction of literature?

Why yes, if men and women are moved only by financial motives and can be made to function only by economic competition. Yes, if the pattern of the future is going to be that of a profit-making society in which everything else that has stirred the "clear spirit" in the past is going to count for little or nothing. Our own feeling is that the hack-writing trade is powerless either to help or to hinder the production of literature; that while an impossibility of publishing might stop an author's mouth, he will never be silenced by payments relatively low, so long as there will still be enough appreciative readers to give him praise and satisfy the wants of a simple life. And as mass production and mass training pour out rebels at the top as fast, though not so abundantly, as they take in raw material at the bottom, an audience able to praise and to pay a decent reward is never likely to be lacking.

Indeed, literature and even journalism, having achieved economic independence, may conceivably lead the other occupations toward that condition healthier than ours, where standing is determined by honor and prestige and achieved excellence, not by earnings or by profits. We neither admire nor respect large profit making today, unless there is exceptional skill or audacity in the maker. We envy sometimes, and naturally in a society where everything costs, but that is our weakness and the economic weakness of the times. Fame, in Milton's sense, is still the strongest of all motives for the aspiring mind, this side of actual want.

The editorials in July and August, with the exception of the above, will be written by Mr. Benét and Miss Loveman.

Four White Pigeons

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

MY brother died young,
My lovely sisters died
Young too, but I abide
These solid shades among.

He o'er this roof-tree, they
O'er that, now take their fling,
Or preen a supple wing
In voluntary stay;

But like a spectre I
Haunt my own dark, my own
Whiteness start at, and am grown
Afraid, now, to fly.

This Week

"Crucibles."
Reviewed by ELLWOOD HENDRICK.
"Saint Augustine."
Reviewed by CHARLES F. ROMAYNE.
"The Saint."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.
"Laments for the Living."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
"Doctor Serocold."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.
"Mogreb-El-Acksa."
Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT.
"Larson, Duke of Mongolia."
Reviewed by L. J. ROBBINS.
The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

The Case Against Book Reviewing.
By JOHN A. CLARK.

Emily Dickinson

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS year a hundred years ago (on December 10, 1930, to be chronologically precise) there was born to one Edward Dickinson, lawyer and part-time legislator, in the town of Amherst, a daughter, Emily. There had been a son, Austin, and there would be a younger daughter, Lavinia. According to outer, undisputed facts, Emily Elizabeth (some records give the name Emily Norcross after her mother) attended the South Hadley Female Seminary and the Amherst Academy between her sixteenth and twentieth years, contributed to the school paper, *Forest Leaves*, attended a few lectures, visited the capital, and, at the age of twenty-four, immured herself in the family home. After 1854 she was rarely seen even in the house except as a figure vanishing ghostily down a corridor; she liked music but, refusing to come into the room, sat outside in the hall; had a congenital prejudice against addressing her letters and got others to do this for her; always dressed in white but was never "fitted," her sister performing this task for her; sent perennial roots and cookies with a cryptic note to neighbors, and became, in short, the village oddity. She died of Bright's disease, May 15, 1886, in her fifty-sixth year. Incidentally, at periods difficult to determine, she wrote—and here speculation begins—somewhere between eight hundred and two thousand poems of which four were published during her lifetime.

* * *

Thus the flat physical data. Once these are left we plunge into legends that range from the fatuous to the Freudian, while the actual Emily Dickinson turns into a fantastic will-o'-the-wisp lost in a bog of rumor. Her editors and biographers render little help in tracking her down. They dispute among themselves; instead of offering each other assistance, accuse one another of withholding or distorting events; and, finally, where so much is uncertain, supply a "story"—or rather, wholly different stories—varying in shades of romanticism and renunciation, but all sufficiently pathetic. Emily's first editors, the circumspect cosmopolite, T. W. Higginson, and the more perceptive and painstaking Mabel Loomis Todd, presented her poems—her posthumous "letter to the world"—with little comment and certain dubious editorial changes, "improving" Emily in the same way that Rimsky-Korsakoff "improved" Moussorgsky. They gave no hint of the man (unnamed by Emily) to whom the poet, among apostrophes to bees, railroads, and eternity, addressed some of the greatest love poems ever written.

Somewhat later (in "The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson," 1924) her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, daughter of Austin and the Sue of "The Single Hound," in an effort to stem gossip, made the mistake of telling a vague story vaguely and thus swelled the gathering flood of conjecture. Mme. Bianchi related, or repeated, the now familiar tale of Emily's "lover" in her chapter "The End of Peace." Here, with a discretion unusual in a biographer, Mme. Bianchi told of a family visit to Philadelphia, of an encounter with a man already married (assumed by some to be the Reverend Charles Wadsworth), of Emily's refusal to deviate from her "high sense of duty" and be "the inevitable destruction of another woman's life," of a precipitate flight back to Amherst, of a pursuit by the reckless lover, of a last agonized refusal ("So we must keep apart"), denying herself not only to her lover but to the rest of the world from that time on, telling her secret to no one but Sue as a "confidence sacredly guarded under all provocation"—an obliga-

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tion of silence which Mme. Bianchi has inherited and partially kept.

Six years after Mme. Bianchi's volume, Emily Dickinson's centennial was celebrated by warring articles, contradictory chapters, and a trio of biographies at complete variance with one another. Matthew Josephson's paragraphs[1] suggest that "her trances were touched to such a degree with fear, violence, cruelty, that one is minded of the religious experiences which William James later dissected, and suspects *inevitably the working of a sublimated* sex instinct." Furthermore, they imply, according to Mr. Josephson, that the tragedy of Emily Dickinson was her environment and that she was forced to escape from "reality" because she bore the double cross of being an artist and an American. Amy Lowell's essay[2] sets out to prove that Emily Dickinson was really dedicated to Imagism, but that, too timid by nature, "she had no heart to fight." Pathetically enough,

> she never knew that a battle was on and that she had been selected for a place in the vanguard; all she could do was to retire, to hide her wounds, to carry out her little skirmishings and advances to byways and sidetracks, slowly winning a territory which the enemy took no trouble to dispute. . . . It is an odd story, this history of Imagism, and perhaps the oddest and saddest moment in it is comprised in the struggle of this one fearful and unflinching woman.

Macgregor Jenkin's little volume[3] is (not unnaturally) oblivious of Emily Dickinson's militancy for what Ezra Pound has called the "Amygists," and concerns itself chiefly with his boyhood memories. Seen through the mist of half a century ("Miss Emily" was in her mid-forties when he was a child) she emerges, not as the "weird recluse of Amherst" (Nathan Haskell Dole's characterization), but as a happy, though invisible, sharer in his childhood games, a genie of the cookie-jar, and a good New England neighbor, although indulging in unconventional and sometimes incomprehensible messages.

But it is with the two full size biographies that interpretation grows fabulous and legend runs amok. Josephine Pollitt,[4] impelled by a letter from T. W. Higginson to his wife (in which Higginson reports

Before appraising the poetry, let us consider—if we cannot dispose of—the contradictory legends.

Mme. Bianchi's statement is the most difficult to contest partly because it is the only one to be issued by a Dickinson, partly because of its very indefiniteness. There are, however, gaps in the narrative, such as the omission of Emily's letters about Humphrey, and inaccuracies such as the dramatic detail of Lavinia rushing next door to Sue crying "that man is here . . . and I am afraid Emily will go away with him," when, according to the calendar, Sue was not living there nor was the house built. For the rest Mme. Bianchi's—or Sue's—report has become accepted, if unauthenticated, mythology. Miss Pollitt's account,* spasmodically conceived and impressionistically written, rests wholly on remote supposition. To begin and end with, Emily may well have said Major Hunt was the most "interesting" man she ever met without meaning she loved him most—and even this remark is not to be found in her own words but in Colonel Higginson's. The probabilities are strained still further when one considers that there is no hint of anything beyond "interest" for the lieutenant, who, if he noticed Emily at all, must have seen her as the not particularly attractive friend of his brilliant and beautiful—and newly married—wife. Miss Pollitt, in a great effort to show Emily's obsession with Hunt, whose profession was soldiering, prepares a list of military and geographical terms. (Miss Taggard, with equal seriousness and industry, catalogues some two hundred words of supposedly legal origin to emphasize the domination of her lawyer-father.) This way folly lies. It would not be difficult to plot the curve of a devotional vocabulary pointing to ministerial preoccupations, or compile an imposing array of horticultural terms to prove she was in love with the (as yet unnamed) town gardener.

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Miss Taggard, in common with Miss Pollitt, suffers from the limitation of the biographical material. To write a life of Emily Dickinson is hazardous enough since there is so little "life" to write about; to compose a biography without free use of all the

after the event and being unsigned except for the initial "X."

Here again the mysterious treads upon the heels of the innocuous. Why, at this date does its promulgator refuse to sign so important and yet so innocent a disclosure? The matter is not a criminal, not even a remotely harmful one. Why is Miss Taggard forced to present an even milder communication—one that says "nothing neither way"—with the mere signature "Y"? Emily seems to have endowed her investigators with her own finger-on-lip attitude.

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All the theories are, of course, possible. But there are others equally plausible. Has anyone, for example, suggested there was no love-story at all—none, that is, in the sense of mutual *rapport?* It was an age of rhetoric. Male friends (*vide* John Gough's reference to George Gould on page 139 of Miss Taggard's book) could write "We loved each other at first sight . . . we seemed to fuse into one." Emily herself used the word "love" indiscriminately—especially for those who stood in the relation of teacher to her. Whoever it was who came, saw, and captured Emily, he may have been quite unconscious of his conquest. He may have been impressed by her crisp rejoinders, but it is equally probable he was as confused by them as was Colonel Higginson. As likely as not he went off, married, and speedily forgot the rather plain girl with her fancy phrases. It may have been nothing to him; to Emily it was All. With the vivid imagination of one frustrated—and a poet—she elaborated a drama in which her sufferings surpassed those of any woman who had ever lived and crowned herself "Empress of Calvary."

This, too, is conjecture. But, since it lacks wildness, it will not be part of the legend. It does not lend itself to surprise, and it is a curious fact that everything connected with Emily, even posthumously, has been given a queer turn. At least one more book is needed to answer the questions roused—or ignored—by the preceding volumes. Since part of the story has been told in hints, the

Hunt (Jackson), who happened to be Emily's best friend!

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Genevieve Taggard's[5] volume—a far better and, at times, a beautifully written study—seeks to establish a double influence and at least two loves. After impressive documentation and minute research, Miss Taggard disposes of the possibility of a married inamorato and finds that when Emily says "My life closed twice before its close," she was recalling Leonard Humphrey and George Gould. Leonard Humphrey was her tutor at the Academy, an unusually perceptive youth who encouraged her to write poetry in her 'teens and who died suddenly at the age of twenty-six. George Gould was an undergraduate, one of the *Indicator* staff at Amherst College. Emily, so Miss Taggard believes, was virtually engaged to Gould before he graduated but, her father opposing the suit in true Old Testament-New England fashion, Emily dressed herself in white, gave the young man his congé, and dismissed him from her life—except for a prolonged secret correspondence—forever. (I shall examine the conflicting stories later.) From that time on, Emily, having experienced two great shocks, denied herself to the world and, though Gould subsequently married, wandered only as far as her garden, tended her flowers for him, and continued to dress in white.

The sad and the absurd mingle in these volumes. And something more significant. The stature of the poet tends to dwindle into a puzzle about the person; so lengthy a concern about the man and the "mystery" in her life obscures the mastery of her work. "Surgeons must be very careful when they take the knife," says Emily—a sentiment which Miss Taggard quotes—and at another time,

> Could mortal lip divine
> The undeveloped freight
> Of a delivered syllable
> 'Twould crumble with the weight.

upon a skeleton of surmise. So fine is her method and so shrewd her analysis that one wishes she had stuck to the poetry as well as the few known facts, and not engaged on a stealthy hunt for the onelie begetter of the self-sufficient verse. Tracking down a youthful valentine to its presumable consequences, Miss Taggard announces the reason for Emily Dickinson's refusal to marry George Gould and the cause of her prolonged immolation: the reason was Edward Dickinson. She could not disobey him and "she could not, she could not, she could not leave her father." Edward is shown as the villain in the piece and the intricate "tragic love" becomes a far too simple father-complex. Other objections occur. Why did not Emily marry after her father died? Because, comes the halting reply, she was "afraid of his wrath" even beyond the grave. Why, since Gould outlived Emily by thirteen voluble years, did he never utter a comment on Emily, her passing, the publication of some of her letters, or—if he was the instigator of most of them—her poems. A great deal is said about the many, clandestine letters that passed between these two, yet not one fragment has ever turned up. (This also applies to Miss Pollitt's tale of a smuggled correspondence.) Granting the possibility that Emily—or Lavinia—may have destroyed such letters, there is no reason for Gould's not preserving what was manifestly so precious.

The course of Miss Taggard's narrative is perforce studded with ifs and possibilities. "And she, perhaps, wrote during the interval the two poems . . ." "If she read them ("Walden" and "The Week") she must have absorbed him to the point of saturation." . . . "He (Edward) seldom betrayed any pleasure in the repetition of her notes. . . . Still, it is also just possible that Edward liked music." Emily, in this narrative, *may* have listened to George Gould in Philadelphia, though records show he was out West at the time. Gould *may* have met the Brownings, thus intensifying Emily's admiration for the famous pair . . . Et cetera, et cetera. We fall back on more conjecture and—Miss Taggard's exhibit A—a sworn statement to the effect that the man Emily loved and renounced was actually George Gould—a statement that loses most of its effect by being the report of hearsay many years

are *at least twelve hundred poems* catalogued *and no one knows how many more* in a mass of notes found among her possessions." (Italics mine.) None of the editors has disputed the figures, yet the "Complete Poems" published in 1924, included only 597 poems. Thus, some eleven hundred poems seem to be missing. Miss Taggard tells us that her correspondent "X" (who sounds somewhat like Mabel Loomis Todd) once copied, at Lavinia's request, the entire manuscript of the book now known as "Further Poems." If this is so, why was it not released for more than thirty years and then suddenly "discovered"? Why, speaking of Mrs. Todd, has she (Emily's first editor) contributed nothing definite to the controversy? Why have a great many of the finest letters of Emily Dickinson been "edited?" What was the scandal after Emily's death that ended in a law suit in 1896? It is better to part the curtains than keep tantalizingly twitching them.

When such a volume is published—or, preferably, before it—we may hope for one or two others. I suggest three: 1, A really complete "Complete Poems." 2, A comprehensive one-volume edition of the "Letters" without the present irritating hiatuses. 3, A critical "Selected Poems," similar to the one prepared by Conrad Aiken and printed by Jonathan Cape six years ago, a volume never issued in America. By that time the confusing stories will be retold and clarified, without need of finding the missing man in time for a centennial chapter.

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Thus the outer—and less significant—record. The poetry, the exposed heart, has another beat for us today. Emily Dickinson's work, independent of her legend, having gone through periods of mystification and patronization, is now entering a stage of sanctification. Keen and sensitive as is Miss Taggard's consideration of the verse, it is still insufficiently critical; for all her dissections her volume bares less of that delicate nervous system than does Conrad Aiken in his eighteen page introduction to the English volume. After the years of neglect, one can sympathize with the over-compensatory breathlessness. But are there to be no reservations? Was Emily Dickinson always a great poet? In the midst of her telegraphic concisions—all sparks and flashes

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[1] In "Portrait of the Artist as American." Harcourt, Brace & Company.
[2] In "Poetry and the Poets." Houghton Mifflin Company.
[3] "Emily Dickinson: Friend and Neighbor." Little, Brown & Company.
[4] "Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of Her Poetry." Harper & Brothers.
[5] "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson." Alfred A. Knopf.

* For Miss Pollitt's theory see her letter on page 1180.

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—does one never miss the long line, the sustained breath? She lived in metaphor, and the terse luxuriance of her figures—the impulse to point every adjective—has had an unhappy effect on most of her admirers, an effect of pretty artifice. Worse still, is her habit of acting coy among the immensities. She is overfond of playing the spoiled, "old-fashioned, naughty child"—an imperious little girl who asks God to lift her over the stile, for whose success guns would be fired at sea, and for a glimpse of whose ecstasy saints would run to windows and seraphs swing their snowy hats. The impulse to pirouette before the mirror of her soul has already had its result in hundreds of young "female poets" (Griswold's phrase) who, lacking their model's intensities, have succeeded only in being verbally arresting and spiritually "cute."

A critical appraisal does not have to be a condemnatory one, but it must steer a course between the early ridicule and the present adulation. It must disclose the fact—now being grudgingly accepted—that Emily's work was not a spontaneous and perfect creation, but the labor of a craftsman and, as such, subject to the laborer's limitations. The undoubted charm does not necessarily extend to mistakes in grammar, nor does the taut, uncanny rightness of her epithets disguise her frequent failure to differentiate between inspiration and whim. Can one, need one, applaud all the eccentricities, the familiarities, the pertnesses? Banter with deities may be refreshing but is archness with God always delightful? And what is one to say of that more reprehensible spinsterly failing, archness to children?

And yet it is a tough and poetry-resisting soul which does not eventually succumb to her rhetoric, irregularities and all. Her vivacity covers self-consciousness and carries off her self-contradictions; her swift condensations—surpassed by no writer of any age—win the most reluctant. One gasps at the way she packs huge ideas into an explosive quatrain—a living poet has called her verse "uncombusted meteors"—fascinated by an utterance so paradoxical, so seemingly naïve, so actually metaphysical. She may annoy us with her self-indulgent waywardness, but illumination is never far off; out of a smooth even sentimental sky comes a crackling telegram from God and, tucked in a phrase, the "imperial thunderbolt that scalps your naked soul."

What else, then, matters? Street numbers are only for the literary statistician and names are unimportantly interchangeable. Whatever the provocation, all that remains is the poetry. His name may be Wadsworth or Hunt or Gould or Legion, but it is not he who is immortalized in her book; it is Emily. Though there are evocations of the vanished lover, we are never made to see him, hear him, realize his being, whereas we have (in the same poems) a complete projection of Emily, her heart, soul, and housekeeping, her books, birds, and influences, her bodily postures, tricks of thought, even her way of crossing the room and reading a letter. The wraith of the phantom lover is merged in a medium which is the uniting, unbreakable integer. "One and one are one."

Denied a public, even of one, Emily perfected her imperfections in secret. Lacking the partner, she played her game with herself. Yet, when all the biographies are considered and contrasted, possibly the most successful game was the one she played on the world. A solitary recluse who had the universe in her garden; an escapist who summoned infinity with the trick of a forefinger and the crook of her mind. It is doubtful if, in spite of her geographical isolation, there was ever a less lonely woman. Everything, whether seen or imagined, lived for her in full immediacy; all, she knew, existed only in thought. "Captivity's consciousness," she said, "so's liberty." In that rich and nimble consciousness she was always at home—and always free.

Dr. Kuno Francke, professor emeritus of Harvard University and curator of the Germanic Museum died last week in his Cambridge home. He was one of the best-loved professors at the university. He had served Harvard for thirty-three years prior to 1917, when he tendered his resignation.

Since resigning he had acted as curator of the museum he was instrumental in founding. He devoted much of his time during his later years to study and writing about Germany and its people.

Born in Kiel, Germany, September 27, 1855, he was graduated from Munich and was later honored with degrees from many universities.

Makers of Chemistry

CRUCIBLES. By BERNARD JAFFE. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ELLWOOD HENDRICK

A FEW years ago the *Forum Magazine* and Messrs. Simon & Schuster, publishers, offered jointly a prize of $7,500. and a gold medal for the best book "on humanizing knowledge" and Mr. Jaffe, a New York teacher of chemistry was the winner.

It begins in the early Renaissance with the biography of one of the less well known alchemists. Bernard Trevesian, born at Padua in 1406. Trevesian is a good example of the minority of the alchemists of his day who were not knaves. This one spent his long life in the search for the philosopher's stone to turn baser metals into gold, used up his large fortune, and died in poverty in 1490. The picture of the spread and, indeed, the endurance of the transmutation illusion is well given. In 1868 the emperor of Austria, Franz Josef, lost a considerable sum in backing three imposters in gold-making and even today there languishes in a German prison a former plumber who was able to lure over one hundred

PARACELSUS.

thousand dollars from General Ludendorff and his friends by similar chicanery.

The chapter on Parcelsus is vivid and, on the whole, favorable to this bombastic contemporary of Martin Luther, whom he resembled in many respects.

We old chemists were taught that the phlogiston theory originated with Stahl, but it appears that Stahl was merely a disciple of Johann Joachim Becker (born 1625), in this respect. What Stahl did was to republish Becker's book on this subject which set the notion in motion. Becker was a remarkable character, a fascinating old rogue, and we hope that some day Mr. Jaffe will give us a whole book about him. Early in his career he contracted to turn Dutch sands into gold for the Netherlands government, but was "called away" when the time came to deliver the goods. He would have played a master hand at poker, for he could bluff anybody. He was gifted with a lively imagination. He had seen geese in Scotland that lived in trees and hatched their eggs with their feet. He told of an instrument that could bottle up spoken words and deliver the message when it was uncorked,—a chemical phonograph, *sogar!* He designed a perpetual motion clock that didn't work, but of course this was not his fault. He invented an international language of ten thousand words which is not on the list of Mrs. Morris's I. A. L. A. He planned a great German immigration scheme to South America which did not come off. Becker was a scientific Colonel Sellers with as many ideas as the Colonel had words, and we should know more about him.

Priestley gets abundant praise, as usual, while poor Scheele, the Swedish apothecary who also discovered oxygen and who knew no more about it than Priestley, is almost forgotten. But it was Priestley who told of his curious discovery to Lavoisier and Lavoisier had the vision to understand what it was and thus to become the father of chemistry.

Cavendish with his vast wealth, his scorn of it, his shabby clothes, his hatred of women, his intense application to research, and his important contributions is the subject of another chapter. Lavoisier, the greatest of all chemists, gives title to another monograph. The author is surprised that his wife, who was so sweet and helpful and delightful a companion to him, should have displayed such outbursts of temper after he had been beheaded and she had married for the second time the American, Benjamin Thompson, otherwise Count Rumford. Since this review is not written for the benefit of Mayor Thompson of Chicago, it may be fair to suggest that possibly Count Rumford himself was the just cause of her irascibility.

John Dalton who gave us chemical atoms and rules of proportions and Berzelius, the Swede, whom we have to thank for chemical symbols and for much illumination, are well portrayed along with their works. There is good literary composition in introducing Avogadio at the Karlsruhe congress, held after his death, when he came into his own, and the story of Woehler of Göttingen, his kindly influence on the fiery Liebig, his first synthesis of area, and his final shift to inorganic chemistry are all related. We miss, however, the blasts of denunciation hurled at Woehler from many pulpits for his impiety in making something in his laboratory that, "as everybody knew," could only be produced by the processes of life.

There follow respectively chapters on Mendeléeff, Arrhenius, the Curies, Sir Joseph J. Thomson, Moseley, and Irving Langmuir. Usually the author speaks of his subjects with courteous but illuminating intimacy. We fail, however, to get the joyous and cheerful companionship of Arrhenius as we recall that always youthful old man. We learn that Pierre Curie and Marie Sklodowska were married and started off on their wedding journey "on bicycles." That is almost right. Their friends took up a collection for a wedding present but w
give because they seemed to nee
imaginable. So they passed over
young pair made their first pur
goods in a bicycle built for two. The biography of Sir Joseph Thomson indicates, of course, the beginning of the study of atomic structures, and it includes a sketch of Rutherford and the study of radio activity. In this and in the record of the short but brilliant life of Moseley and his contribution of the law of atomic numbers, we are told also of Soddy, Bohr, Heisenberg, Aston, Harkins, *et al.* The final biographical chapter on Irving Langemuir contains a few of the delightful stories current of young Irving and his big brother Arthur. We are also informed of Gilbert N. Lewis who, although Mr. Jaffe only intimates it, looks and talks more like the Ambassador from Arcadia than like a professor of chemistry.

A short epilogue tells of the conflicting and confusing discoveries in regard to light and sets forth the present bewilderment in the subject. It is the least illuminating chapter.

The book is a novel attack on the problem of expounding science, consisting of a series of biographical sketches of outstanding and interesting leaders in research, with notes on their contemporaries and memoranda of what each has done. We might call it biographical notes strung on threads of the history of chemistry. Or may be *vice versa*. The result is an interesting book.

The *Atlantic Monthly* announces a prize of $5,000 for the most interesting unpublished work of non-fiction, dealing with the American scene, submitted before May 1, 1931. The kind of book sought in the new contest may be a biography of any American in any period, including the present; the history of an American village or an American family; of whaling, railroads, American pioneering; a volume of criticism, or an economic or social survey of prohibition, eugenics, woman in business, or any other subject of significance to America. The book will be judged according to its interest, integrity, and its identity with America. The prize of $5,000 will be paid to the winner for the right to publish the MS. in book form, and, if adaptable, to serialize it in whole or in part in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Regular book royalties will be paid to the author in addition to the prize. Authors of all nationalities may compete, but the final manuscript must be in English.

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The Story of a Soul

SAINT AUGUSTINE. By GIOVANNI PAPINI. Translated by MARY PRICHARD AGNETTI. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930.

Reviewed by CHARLES F. ROMAYNE

IT was almost inevitable that Papini, the modern penitent, should write an essay on Augustine of Hippo. With a certain wistful pride he sets forth the reason in his preface.

> I fancied there existed a resemblance between us; he also had been a man of letters and a lover of words, but at the same time a restless seeker after philosophies and truths, even to the point of being tempted by occultism; he also had been sensual and had sought fame. I resembled him in what was bad in him, of course, but after all I did resemble him. And the fact that a man of this sort, so like me in his weaknesses, had succeeded in achieving a second birth and in redeeming himself, was encouraging to me.

This fancied resemblance is the implicit thesis of the whole book.

This excellent English version of the "Sant' Agostino" is a volume of three hundred pages, furnished with an index, a bibliography, and a concise chronological table of the life and works of Augustine. For clearness' sake it may be divided into three parts. The first and longest part consists of twenty-one chapters and deals with what Papini calls the first Augustine. The second part comprises three chapters and covers the first decade of Augustine's life as a Christian. The last part is made up of four chapters which treat hurriedly of his activities as Bishop of Hippo. In a final chapter Papino gives us his summary of the claims of Augustine to a place in the hearts of men.

> He impresses us as the intellectual sovereign of his age, the fire upon the heights, the Father of the Church, standing enveloped in his episcopal robes. But if we draw near to him and read between the lines of his sermons and epistles, we discover beside his greatness, which looms ever greater, his spiritual solitude and also his sadness.

Those familiar with Papini's "Un Uomo Finito" will readily recall its opening sentence, "I was never a babe. I never had a childhood." Papini hates the memories of his early years, and he finds in his hero the same distaste. Augustine regarded his childhood as a veritable hell. He could never forget the humiliation of his floggings at school, "not so much on account of the physical suffering incurred as because they aroused in him a sense of atrocious injustice." He differed from Papini in his dislike of study and in his love of games. In his childish pastimes "his pride was such that he must win at all cost, and if he found himself losing he was not above cheating." Papini finds him at the threshold of adolescence a rebellious pupil, a zealous comedian, a cheat, a liar, and a thief.

* * *

The Papini treatment of Augustine's sexual experience is technically unsound. He overdraws the picture of the young Numidian's homosexual indulgence. There is more verbiage than fact in the statement that "the seething impulse of sex became master of the youth, and from the age of sixteen until he was thirty-two Augustine, ever attracted by lasciviousness, remained a true voluptuary." Eighty pages farther on he tells us what is directly in line with the data of the "Confessions," namely that Augustine "never pursued women nor was he promiscuous; on the contrary, he was strongly inclined towards conjugal fidelity and for fourteen years lived with one and the same woman." The simple truth is that at sixteen Augustine indulged in homosexuality, to what extent we do not know; at seventeen he took a mistress who for fourteen years was his wife in all but name; by her he had a son before he was eighteen. In deference to his mother's ambitions for a fashionable marriage for him, he eventually cast this woman from his home; while he was awaiting the date of his projected marriage he took another informal partner. Papini spends several pages over the problem of this heartless dismissal. He notes Augustine's recorded grief at the separation but he remarks also the utter silence of the "Confessions" concerning the feelings of the discarded woman. He can find no excuse for such cruelty, and he confesses that "this cruel repudiation is perhaps the most objectionable act in the whole career of the first Augustine." Piously he consoles himself that "grace has burnt away even this sin, if it was a sin."

Papini is at his best when analyzing the slow and gradual process, the philosophical testing and the intellectual research, culminating in the conversion of Augustine. Always one gets the impression that Papini, with a sort of literary narcissism, is telling his own story in terms of Augustine's life. Here, for example, is a suggestive passage:

> Augustine cast himself bodily into the furnace of thought. Whatever he touched, even the coldest theories, glowed with heat. He meditated not only with his brain, but with his heart, with his very entrails, with all the powers of his spirit. His whole being was engaged in searching, and he suffered and rejoiced in his philosophical victories and defeats as if it were a question not of ideas, but of destiny, of life itself. As in love and friendship he was all ardor, so in his peregrinations in pursuit of truth he became a very flame. Light flows towards light and love responds to love. So passionate was Augustine in his hunger that he deserved to have it satisfied at last by Christ Himself.

This book is in no sense a treatise in theological or philosophical history; in meaner hands it might easily have tried to be both. It is the story of a soul, as the preface tells us. But one is left wondering whether it is in all things the story of Augustine's soul or rather another chapter in the Christian sequel to that story of the soul that Papini told in "Un Uomo Finito" nearly twenty years ago.

A Halo for a Saint

THE SAINT. By CONRAD FERDINAND MEYER. Translated by EDWARD FRANKLIN HAUCK. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE average American to whom one mentions German literature will reply promptly —"Goethe—and, oh yes, Schiller." And then add "But who else is there?" And to the generation who passed through high school and college while the late war's stupidest achievement, the suppression of German in our schools, was still in effect, even Goethe and Schiller are only mispronounced names. The new effort of the reviving Germanistic Society of America to bring before the American public good translations of the best German literature of the nineteenth century is, then, a welcome and timely one, and if their first volume announces the standards of taste in selection and translation which they will maintain, their effort should be as successful as it is honorable.

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer was a Swiss who devoted himself, like his very slightly older contemporary Flaubert, to the difficult art of letters. And wide apart as their temperaments and achievements were in most respects, there is an interesting parallelism between the careers and works of the two men. Both were primarily stylists, sculptors in prose, artists satisfied with the world of art. Both attained by severe, conscious self-discipline to a language pure, vigorous, and of exquisite precision, free alike from vulgarism and from affectation. And if the task of the Swiss was the harder, there are many who will judge that his achievement was not less. Both Meyer and Flaubert spared no pains in the documentation of their stories; both strove to recreate the whole mood of whatever scene they undertook; and both, though by different means, were subtle analysts of characters. Both, too, and at approximately the same time, won wide recognition after long neglect. But Meyer set his face against the rising tide of naturalism in the European novel, and as a consequence his fame has largely been confined within the limits of the German tongue. Now that that tide recedes, Meyer should find his larger audience.

* * *

Not even Flaubert has ever recaptured more successfully the color and spirit of the past than has Meyer in "The Saint," his short novel about Thomas à Beckett, now translated. The medievalism of the tale is not a matter of museum study, of archeology dragged in by the heels, but of imaginative penetration to the inner character of the epoch. Every attitude of his actors has at once the naïve, fantastic angularity, and yet the convincing humanness and vigor, of a *laisse* from a *chanson de geste* or of a twelfth century window at Chartres. By bold invention and adaptation of the divers threads of legend and of history, Meyer has woven a surprisingly unified story. With the aid of the tale which ballad readers will recognize as that of young Bicham and Shusy Pie, he provides Beckett with a Saracen mother and a Saxon father, following in this a late legend, and by making the Chancellor the father of fair Rosamund, he supplies a motivating link between his early services to Henry II and his later opposition. Incidentally, it is impossible not to notice that Meyer's book is obviously the main inspiration of Lion Feuchtwanger's "Power," impossible not to feel that the earlier book has the more artistic treatment of the central situation, common to both.

The Germanistic Society went to unusual pains to secure a competent translator for their first publication, and Professor Hauck's sensitive rendering amply repays them. This is what translation should be like: close to the spirit and sense of the original and suggesting, at least, the special beauty of its style. One looks forward to the appearance of further volumes in this series.

Cut-Outs from Life

LAMENTS FOR THE LIVING. By DOROTHY PARKER. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

"BIG BLOND" is already history. After its publication in the *Bookman* it became the theme song for cocktail conversation from coast to coast. The raising of glasses in speakeasies, in modernistic apartments, and on ocean liners was accompanied by a question instead of a toast: "Have you read Big Blond?" And the answer wasn't no. Drinking, oddly enough, made people think of the expansive, metallic haired heroine whose downward steps did *not* end, as many a lesser artist than Dorothy Parker might have permitted, with the Jersey veronal so carefully collected for a rainy day. All those who read the story when it orginally appeared, and the few who did not, will be glad to find it in this first volume of fiction by the author of "Sunset Gun" and "Enough Rope."

Most of the sketches in "Laments for the Living" are short, angular cut-outs from life. They give the effect of posters rather than pictures. Mrs. Parker can cut away detail with a ruthlessness not to be equalled elsewhere in this Hemmingway-Held, brevity-or-burst generation. In the story "The Mantle of Whistler" nothing is spared but the ready-made phrases which for three pages record the conversation of these two local wits. "Pleased to meet up with you socially," he says when they are introduced, and she says, "Pardon my wet glove." From then on it is a contest in firing shop-worn witticism back and forth. It is amazing, and disconcerting, to discover that talk can actually run on like this where not one phrase is coined by either person. The whole dialogue might have been carried on with typewritten slips prepared before the encounter. There are several of these "talk" sketches in "Laments for the Living" that seem to be the completed wholes of bits overheard during the jostle of daily life about town. Mrs. Parker transcribes them with diabolic exactness.

When these impoverished bits of slang and wizened phrases are made the inadequate carriers of real emotion, as in "The Telephone Call" and "New York to Detroit," the effect is an almost unbearable intensity. These little mannikins are funny enough with their modern cracker mottoes when they are drinking gin and planning to adopt horses and wrangling interminably about nothing at all but when they are dropped suddenly into misery or fear they become the more tragic in being incapable of tragedy. With only one reaction for life (laughing it off) they are lost when circumstances demand something more.

There are longer stories that are less successful. "Mr. Durant," "Little Curtis," and "The Wonderful Old Gentleman" are based on types too limited, too often met with in satire, to be enlivened even by Mrs. Parker's rejuvenating pen. They are the sentimental stories of yesterday turned wrong side out, and while the wrong side is highly preferable to the right, it too is wearying when shown at any length.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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All in the Day's Work

DOCTOR SEROCOLD. By HELEN ASHTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HERE is a novel which without benefit of intricate plot or exciting incident achieves a quiet excellence. It is the chronicle of a single day in the life of an elderly physician, a round of activity beginning in the early watches of the morning at the deathbed of his friend and partner and ending as the wail of a new-born infant breaks upon the midnight air. Within its brief span is compressed a lifetime's experience, for Doctor Serocold, like the drowning man who recaptures in a second the long procession of his past, reviews in spirit the events of his career as he makes his village calls with the fear ever gnawing at his consciousness that before the day is out sentence of death by cancer will have been pronounced upon himself.

It is a mellow book, touched with a gentle melancholy, never sour, never bitter, but with something of that intangible sadness that softens the autumn of life and the fall of the year. The quietness of its method and the simplicity of its detail are exceedingly effective. Doctor Serocold is the old-fashioned family physician to the life, the man to whom his patients' love affairs and animosities, disappointments, dispositions, and household makeshifts, are as familiar as their measles and tonsilitis and rheumatism. There is no more unity to his day, as Miss Ashton records it, than to the mottled day of the village practitioner who is called now to a wealthy and cantankerous woman, now to a humble home, and again to a long-cherished friend—the beloved of his youth in Dr. Serocold's case, it happens to be—whose prescience of death is confirmed by his diagnosis. And yet the book has a fine unity, which is attained through the personality of the physician and the tension produced by the possibility of malignant disease which hangs over him and forms the constant undercurrent of his thought.

Miss Ashton has, it seems to us, been in nothing more successful than in the skill with which she holds the threat of cancer to the physician in the background of her story and yet through it lends depth and emotion to the tale and plausibility to the retrospective mood of the doctor. The reader is aware of his concern in the beginning as hardly more than a sense of unease in the physician's mind, lurking in the interstices of his thought, growing more insistent and menacing as the hours go by and the expected medical reports do not arrive, until finally it develops into a fear that is so virtually certainty that when the diagnosis does at last come and Doctor Serocold reads the verdict, "nervous dyspepsia aggravated by overwork," he is upset rather than relieved by it.

"My God, what a shock!" he thought confusedly. "Somehow, I'd made up my mind the other way. All day . . . all these days . . . I've been getting more and more certain that I was done for. Queer the way one's mind works. . . . I'm frightfully upset by this. I could have stood bad news better. I was ready for that. I feel as if the ground had been cut away under my feet . . . as if I were on the scaffold, and they'd just worked the drop. It's the other way about, though. . . . I'm reprieved, and I don't know what to do about it. I feel . . . I feel like a fool."

But Doctor Serocold is anything but a fool. He is that blend of kindliness and sympathy, wryness and penetration, that the family physician who is curate of souls as well as curer of bodies was, or is, if such a being still exists in this age of specialization. A little wistful in the presence of his young female assistant whose bright self-confidence wakes a mild envy in him, a little grudging in his attitude toward the clever young practitioner who has brought the latest medical wrinkles to the town, a little reluctant in envisaging future effort, he spends himself generously in his medical ministrations, in waging Quixotic battle to free a downtrodden youth from the dominance of a selfish mother, in combatting the politics of the Town Council, in attempting advice to a disgruntled husband. His day is compact of small events and large emotional possibilities and Miss Ashton has managed to project the one against a deliberately shadowy background of the other with a nice precision.

Not in any way a dazzling book, her novel is one that in a season notable for the mediocrity of its fiction is distinguished above most of its fellows by clarity of conception and smoothness of execution. Its appeal, we imagine, will be more especially to the reader of somewhat mature years for whom life has already taken on something of a retrospective tinge. But it should be read with enjoyment by anyone who appreciates a craftsmanship that is graceful and honest, a ripe outlook on the routine of living, and a story that out of small incidents carves an accurate cross-section of normal life. It has received the accolade of Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Inside Morocco

MOGREB-EL-ACKSA. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM has roamed the world in a way that is possible to but very few. Everywhere that he has been, he has fitted into the life of the community and become a part of it. This cannot be brought out better than by repeating the dedication in the late W. H. Hudson's collection of Argentine stories gathered under the title "El Ombu." It runs as follows:

To my Friend
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM
('Singularisimo Escritor Ingles')

Who has lived with and knows (even to the marrow, as they would themselves say) the horsemen of the Pampas, and who alone of European writers has rendered something of the vanishing color of that remote life.

Much that Mr. Cunninghame Graham has seen has gone forever with the Indian and the buffalo. Nowhere is this more true than in Texas and in the wilder parts of South America.

In this volume Mr. Graham tells of a journey made in Morocco in 1898. Conditions in that country have changed less than in the various parts of the Americas which he has described, and although the advent of the motor car has made accessible many parts of the land which at the end of the nineteenth century were remote, still the life of the people themselves and the appearance of the country have changed but little.

The author's parentage fitted in peculiarly well with his adventurous career. His father was a Scotch landowner of very distinguished ancestry, and his mother was of Spanish decent. His recently published work dealing with the life of the Venezuelan patriot, Paez, gives a delightful picture of his mother's family.

The present volume makes clear how unessential it is for the value of a book to attain the objective of the voyage described. The journey was undertaken with the purpose of penetrating the hinterland and reaching the city of Tarudant in the Atlas Mountains. When Cunninghame Graham had won his way inland some two hundred miles from Mogador, he was taken into custody, and after an uncertain captivity, was turned back to the seaboard.

Curiously enough, when this volume appeared, it met with very little success. This may, in part, have been due to the title, for its author has given none of his books what might be called in any sense a "catchy" title. They have all had to sell themselves on their merit of contents without any send-off.

It is interesting to realize that Cunninghame Graham was quick to appreciate other authors who had not yet arrived, but were later to receive, in part, the appreciation they so richly deserved. Notable among these were Hudson and Conrad. In a footnote on page sixty-one of "Mogreb-El-Acksa," he makes the following reference to one of Conrad's short stories:

"Outpost of Progress," Cosmopolis, June 1897. Story of an outpost of Progress told without heroics and without spread-eagleism, and true to life; therefore unpopular, if indeed, like most other artistic things it has not passed like a "ship in the night."

We have been very fortunate in the chronicles of picaresque life in the East and the North East. What Morier in "Hajji Babba" did for Persia, and Pickthall in "Said the Fisherman" did for the Levant, Cunninghame Graham has done for Morocco. His racy style, his asides, his moralizing and philosophizing, give an amazingly vivid picture of the country and its people. The publishers of "Mogreb-El-Acksa" are indeed to be congratulated on the judgment of this selection, and on the attractive form in which they have clothed this reprint.

D. H. Lawrence, who died near Nice, last March, left £2,438, "so far as can at present be ascertained." He made no will.

Authentic Romance

LARSON, DUKE OF MONGOLIA. By F. A. LARSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by L. J. ROBBINS

A WORLD census would reveal the surprisingly large number of Europeans and Americans who spend their lives in far-off places. Most of them feel that compelling modern urge to write a book about it, but few manage to make the remote land of their adoption live in print. It is a nice point whether the pedestrian pages of old residents are worse than the superficial gleanings of literary minded tourists. Mr. Larson, however, is an exception. His book is vividly interesting, and although not particularly distinguished in style, has a compelling sincerity which comes from his unique experience of the Mongols.

Mongolia, the ancient land of Genghis and Kublai Khan, remains today serene and unchanged in a troubled world. The nomad Mongols pitch their felt *yurtas* on the rolling grass plains and tend their horses and camels and sheep as they have done for many centuries. The younger generation of nobles may go to Moscow or Berlin or London to be educated, but unlike most eastern peoples they find nothing magnetic in modern civilization, and soon pine for the tents of their fathers and a life in the saddle. They like cities as little as their conquering ancestors. Automobiles are regarded with disfavor as a most inferior and malodorous means of locomotion. Telegraph poles and wires are often chopped down to serve more immediate and useful purposes, since the Mongols regard news with a proper sense of detachment; they do not travel a few hundred miles for an hour's gossip. Yet they are far from primitive, and their own standards and customs are in the main admirable. They know the ways of other races but do not adopt them. Partly from inclination and partly owing to geographical isolation, they are an aloof people.

Mr. Larson went out to Mongolia nearly forty years ago, and found an immediate sympathy of tastes with the people. He was by turn a missionary, a bible peddler, a prospector, a land
with many herds of horses, a friend
Buddha, Mongolian representative at
Duke of Mongolia in his own right. In a way his intimacy with the Mongols is as remarkable as that of Lawrence with the Arabs; but whereas Lawrence was forced into an association which irked him by the circumstances of war, Larson grew up into a quiet fellowship with the Mongols until they accepted him without reserve as one of themselves. He proved he could outstay them in the saddle and his fame was assured.

He writes with insight of the daily life of the people, their passion for horses, and the feudal, kindly domination of their princes. He describes, too, without prejudice but with underlying condemnation, the hold on the country of Lamaism, that curious compound of black magic, animism, and Buddhism. Custom decrees in this sparsely populated land that every first born son shall become a priest, a parasite on the social order.

The account Mr. Larson gives, brief though it is, is probably the fullest that has been written about the Living Buddha, the Tibetan boy who became Emperor of Mongolia. He describes the court at Urga, the yearly horse racing, the Emperor's curious interest in mail order catalogues, and his final deposition by the Russians during the revolution.

The political history of Mongolia and its relations with China and Russia are necessarily treated rather briefly, but the description is adequate and explains the virtual independence of Mongolia at the present time.

This book is authentic, and at the same time it is a romance.

A writer in the *Scotsman* recalls that St. Kilda, whose evacuation is now contemplated, inspired Boswell with the dream of purchasing it, and that Johnson applauded the fancy. The Doctor had already pooh-poohed the statement (even then current and often since corroborated) that the inhabitants caught an epidemic of colds at each visit of strangers. This is surely one of the most classical examples of the limitations of "common sense." On the other hand, the infectiousness of the common cold was discovered by Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, prior to official medical pronouncements, from observation of her fragile husband and his friends.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

JAMES D. STAVER reports from Johnstown, Pa., that the old Iron Front Hotel in Pittsburgh (which we asked about because O. Henry once lived there) is no longer in existence.

I spoke of the magnificent 1855 Overholt whiskey, of which a few precious minims are still in bottle. Abraham Overholt, founder of this historic fluid, first distilled at West Overton, Pa., and his great-grand-daughter writes "if you should be interested in making a pilgrimage there some day, you would find that the distillery is now a Museum for Indian relics and that the old homestead itself is the Historical House for Westmoreland and Fayette Counties."

"A. Overholt & Co., Manufacturers of Four, and Youghiogheny Whiskey," says the old letter-heads of the firm. Colonel George Harvey, writing of the Overholt family, says that the farm bought by Abraham Overholt at West Overton

included, in common with nearly all similar properties in the region, a small log distillery, which became the basis of the largest fortune in that section of the country. In 1859 the daily grain capacity of a big new factory, six stories in height, reached 200 bushels. The *Overholt* brand of whiskey became famous for its strength and purity and it is said that for years before he died, leaving a fortune of half a million dollars, the chief business pride of its originator, second only to the quality of his product, lay in the fact that the supply never equalled the demand.

We are told that old Abraham Overholt was a staunch Mennonite and a great business pioneer in that land. Colonel Harvey further describes him:

Tall, straight, comely and benign, clad invariably except when at work in broadcloth and a black tie relieved by a pearl stud, with a glossy wide-brimmed silk hat on his head and a gold-headed cane in his hand, he must have looked a somewhat austere figure, and yet his true nature was so well understood that, greatly to his own satisfaction, he was addressed by men, women and children alike as "Grandpap Overholt."

The old distiller died in 1870, aged 86, therefore the 1855 elixir which we have sought humbly to commemorate was created in his own lifetime. I suggested that there was truly a spark of divine fire, a germ of art and wisdom, in that powerful beverage; therefore it is the more exciting to learn that Abraham Overholt was the grandfather of one of the greatest of our patrons of art and education. Henry Clay Frick was born in the remodelled springhouse of the old Overholt homestead, in 1849. This was a happy confirmation of the instinctive interest the student always had in the Overholt label. Colonel Harvey's "Henry Clay Frick," published 1928 by Scribner's, gives a most interesting account of early Overholt days and of Mr. Frick's remarkable career.

Our spirited commissioner Carroll Brent Chilton writes from the Hotel de la Poste at Beaune, immortal inn to which this Green has alluded before. He alludes inter alia to folk-songs, Unamuno, John Donne, and the charms of Royat as a health resort. He quotes the remark overheard by Robert W. Service at Royat— "A whole summer here would make a bishop bite a barmaid in the neck." Speaking of unepiscopal, or undecanical, utterances, we must remind Mr. Chilton to reread John Donne's *Going To Bed*, certainly one of the most gloriously surprising emanations from a Dean of St. Paul's.

We read also with profit the circular sent by Mr. Chilton describing the Foyer International d'Étude et de Repos at Pontigny (Yonne). The names of the directors of this little summer school are sufficient to indicate its character. They are: Leon Brunschvicg, Paul Desjardins, Charles du Bos, Arthur Fontaine, Max Lazard, Roger Martin du Gard, André Maurois, Georges Raverat, Jean Schlumberger, André Siegfried. Reading their leaflet brings back with a lively pang of nostalgia glimpes from the train of the poplar-lined river Yonne, the broken castles of Burgundy on their rocky ridges, the smell of new-mown hay beside the moat at a quiet chateau in the Côte d'Or.

The circular says:—

Lorsque l'activité intellectuelle se ralentit, par fatigue ou par incertitude, Pontigny ouvre passagèrement une retraite propice, un *refectorium animi*.

Au cours d'un travail, Pontigny intervient à l'heure ou le travailleur, ses matériaux réunis, sent le besoin de se concentrer pour construire. Il y trouve, tour à tour, l'isolement dans une chambre, ou la paix dans des bois; le commerce des livres; le stimulant de la conversation avec ses pairs; la récréation de la poésie et de la musique.

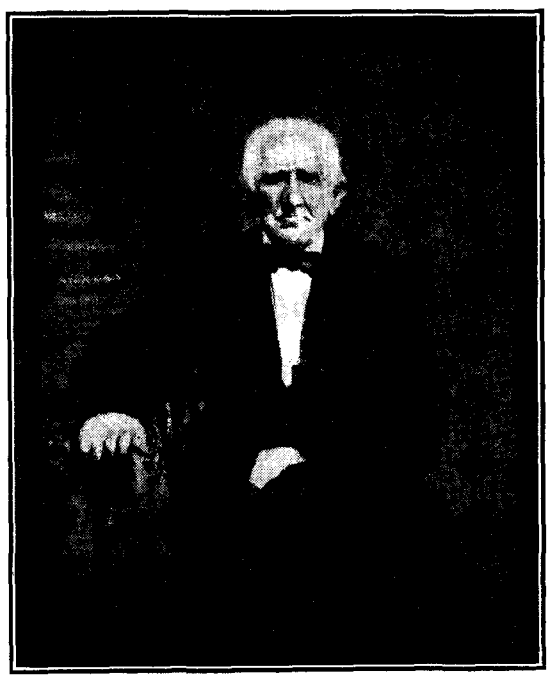
A qui est curieux des monuments de la vieille France, rappelons que Pontigny, monastère du douzième siècle, est environné de Sens, de Troyes, d'Auxerre, de Vézelay, d'Avallon, de Semur, d'Alésia, de Fontenay-Montbard, de Dijon, de Beaune, de Cluny, d'Autun.

On y trouve en même temps le contact de la Bourgogne actuelle et vivace.

Au français qui souhaite d'élargir son regard, en apercevant la vie intellectuelle des autres peuples, la toute petite république de Pontigny en offre une occasion . . . rencontre à sa table de pèlerins qu'amène à l'Abbaye, de divers points de l'horizon, la même soif d'une studieuse paix.

Happy days to the Little Republic of Pontigny! And copying down that list of well-loved towns, it is strange to think that some day this summer some worthy pilgrim will be seeing the sunny hilltop of Alésia (where Cæsar encountered Vercingetorix) or the pointed towers of Semur, for the first time.

I calm myself with the concluding admonition of Mr. Chilton's letter. "Read (as I did lately) 150



ABRAHAM OVERHOLT

dialogues of the Buddha—then all Western thinkers will seem amateurs, dealing with ideas they have never thought through and could not think through. All good wishes."

Hugh Western, rambling to a lutany of his own, reports from Weimar. His always welcome hand arrives on the stationery of the Parkhotel Erbprinz: Nächst dem Schloss und Park, in Ruhigster Zentraler Lage. Gegründet 1749. Fliessend warm u. kaltes Wasser durchweg. Moderne Privatbäder u. Telefon. Lift. Grosser Garten mit Speise-Galerie. Heizbare Auto boxes. Tankstelle.

This is a place to be! (Hugh exclaims). Perhaps you know its quiet streets, its sincere Goetholatry. The pink hawthorns are still blooming and the lilacs sweeten the air in the little park along the Ilm. One could go a very long way and do worse.

And yet it all harks back to Italy, which was Goethe's dream and inspiration. Italy fills his house and the quaint "palace" of Anna Amalia. Even the pretty pretensions of Tiefurt are Italianate. I fancy that next time it must be Italy again. Meanwhile I propose to investigate Rothenburg.

Which reminds me that a book by no means to be overlooked by anyone wandering toward Germany is Louis Untermeyer's sprightly *Blue Rhine, Black Forest*.

But let us not suppose that all the picturesque scenes are far away. In a beautiful June sunset the Vagabond Players, who are touring Long Island with a truck and a tent, camped at Roslyn to give their performance of East Lynne. They hoisted their canvas in a little meadow alongside a pond; just behind their Parnassus-on-wheels was a big apple tree. The smell of new hay drifted through the dressing tent, and with all the good simplicity of Elizabethan mummers the company dressed and painted in late sunshine and fresh air. In the piles of hay behind them capered enthusiastic small boys any one of whom might have been John Bennett's Master Skylark. If you cross the trail of these gay romantic troupers on Paumanote, see their show. The human stage will never die while such adventurers are afoot and light-hearted, and often in small proportions we just beauties see. We congratulate our old colleague of Philadelphia *Ledger* days, Mr. Harvey Sayers, manager of this Elizabethan exploit.

The library of the late Charles Whibley—a fine collection, because there was so much of John Donne in it—was sold at Hodgson's in London last week. Sir James Barrie wrote the following note for the sale catalogue:

There may be more choice collections of books made in one lifetime by a scholar of moderate means, but so far as I know this is the best. What his library held there is no need for me to tell, for here is the granary thrown open. I have seen the entrancing man obtaining some of them in likely and unlikely places, marching them off into custody with a look of holy rapture on his face that he could not have spared for you or me. Skilful as he was he must have missed much that is here had not various stores of treasure (such as a famous stall in Cambridge) known that their rarest were calling out to be "Whibley books" and given him the first call. He exulted in telling how he had picked up this or that for 15/-, but when you nailed him down you found that even he had sometimes to achieve with the sort of price at which the Riot Act should be read. To those who knew him well, this best writer of English of his day, his own name on a volume will make it doubly precious.

J. M. BARRIE.

If this paragraph should happen to reach the eyes of Messrs. Hodgson at 115 Chancey Lane, it would greatly interest us to know who bought Whibley's copy of Sir Kenelm Digby's *Of Bodies and Man's Soul*. A census of the existing copies of that old work would be a minute but precious contribution to seventeenth century bibliography.

One of the most colorful and exact languages in the world is the technical talk of heraldry. William S. Hall, a student of such matters, gave me a copy of *Arms and Blazons of the Colleges of Oxford*, by F. P. Barnard and Major T. Shepard, a delightful little book. Here is the heraldic description of the arms of Corpus Christi College:

Tierced per pale: (1) Azure, a pelican with wings endorsed or, vulning herself proper; (2) Argent, thereon an escutcheon of the See of Winchester, ensigned with a mitre proper; (3) Sable, a chevron or between three owls argent, on a chief of the second as many roses gules seeded and barbed proper.

In moments of stress let philosophers remember the pelican, vulning herself proper.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

THIN AIR: A HIMALAYAN INTERLUDE. By CONSTANCE BRIDGES. New York. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $3.50.

THIS is an engaging book. It is best read as a travel book of life in the vale of Kashmir, mountain adventures in the high Karakorams, and visits to strange Buddhist cities on the borders of Thibet. As such it combines the merit of convincing description with an engaging charm of narrative, and the added attraction of a group of interesting personalities. But Miss Bridges has drawn a fine line of mystery through her book, as if (and here she is wrong) its essential interest was not great enough to hold the reader.

A young American mystic on his way to some obscure enlightenment in the occult valleys of the upper Karakoram where, it is supposed, the great pundits live, disappears, by drowning it is alleged, by murder it is suspected. The party is drawn into the search for evidence and thus it is the lost Wendell who supplies what plot there is in the book. It needed none, although this reviewer at least never objects to a dash of occultism in his India, and is excellent reading with no more than the author's fresh style, good humor, and the interest of the country she describes to go on. One of the few, among many published, good travel stories of the year.

Sir Israel Gollancz, scholar and author, died recently at his home in England.

Sir Israel, widely known for his editing of early English classics had been fellow and Secretary of the British Academy since its foundation in 1903.

Born in London July 13, 1863, of Jewish parentage, Sir Israel was educated at University College and later at Christ's College, Cambridge. From 1892 to 1895 he was Quain student and lecturer in English at University College and in 1896 was appointed university lecturer at Cambridge. Ten years later he became university professor in English literature and language at Kings College, London.

He was widely known as a Shakespearian scholar and was Chairman of the Shakespeare Association, as well as general editor of the "Temple Classics" and "King's Library" and the "Book of Homage to Shakespeare," which appeared in 1915.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Soviet Art

VOICES OF OCTOBER. Art and Literature in Soviet Russia. By JOSEPH FREEMAN, JOSHUA KUNITZ, and LOUIS LOZOWICK. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by NICHOLAS SERGIEVSKY.

IN spite of its short existence, the new army of Soviet penmen is numerically strong and its literary output fairly heavy. It has, however, produced few books of real distinction. A dozen novels and twice or thrice as many stories, belonging with few exceptions to a group of pre-revoluntionary authors and their younger adherents and objectively portraying the types of life and the problems of Soviet Russia with real skill, constitute the best examples of Soviet literature.

In addition a mass of stories by orthodox communistic writers exists, rather dull, colorless, and bearing a heavy stamp of political propaganda,—the direct result of Lenin's precept that Soviet literature "must be a component part of the organized, planned, and unified party work." Accordingly, "all art in the Soviet Union is class art," "every artist a participant in the class struggle," and "every poem, novel, and play can justify itself in the eyes of the Russian workers only if its author can demonstrate that it fits into the general aim of the Soviet Union." To achieve this end "writing in general is under party control"; that is, under the censorship of the Communist party, exercised by the Commissariat of Education. This condition hampering the literary genius of the nation is in my opinion, one of the main reasons why Soviet literature is today so poor.

Dramatic art has also undergone a drastic process of socialization. The present revolutionary repertoire of the Soviet theaters includes about sixty original plays suited to the needs of the new political order. Before these were written plays by well-known foreign authors, such as "The Miracle of St. Anthony," by Maeterlinck, or "Antigone," by Hasenclever, as well as several Russian classical masterpieces, famous comedies and dramas portraying the life of different classes of Russian society in the last century, were fitted for the purposes of the Revolutionists. These famous plays have been curtailed, mutilated, and "adapted to the needs of the Revolution" by the introduction of "contemporary anecdotes, allusions, and elements of buffoonery and grotesqueness," and altogether "transformed into symbols of international struggle," or furnished "with warnings against the danger lurking in the new social order."

This book records far more important Governmental activities in establishing theatres for the peasants and workers. More than fifteen thousand Workers' Clubs in the Soviet Union have amateur theatres, orchestras, and choruses in which men, women, and young people spend their leisure hours and energy. Among the peasants rural theatrical organizations are numerous; the Moscow district alone has more than five thousand. A "Peasant Home" in Moscow maintains a model theatre and a staff of trained dramatic instructors to aid in developing the rural theatres.

The Soviet Union has achieved its greatest artistic success in the cinema art and industry. Films like "Potemkin" have recently been shown in American theatres and proclaimed by the American press the best movies as yet produced. Besides being a powerful means of propaganda in Soviet Russia, motion pictures are very widely and successfully employed as a means of educating the masses in various practical ways.

The last chapters of the book discuss Soviet painting, architecture, and music, in which little of real significance has been done in the last ten years, and that mostly by artists of pre-revolutionary training. The Soviet government has established several academies and schools to train a new generation of artists and musicians. In general the cultural reconstruction of the country in accordance with communistic ideals is going on at full speed, with persevering efforts to make the arts in all forms accessible to the proletarian masses.

A spirit of never-ceasing activity and onward motion in that enigmatic country where everybody, boy and man, girl and woman, seems to be an eager and active participant in a gigantic social experiment emanates from the pages of this book, of interest to all who would know more of Sovietdom. The reader, however, will do well to keep in mind that its eulogies of Soviet methods are out of proportion to its sparse criticism.

The book is supplied with fourteen illustrations showing recent achievements of Russian painters, stage managers and motion picture producers.

The Squire Considers Women

ABOUT WOMEN. By JOHN MACY. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

IN a rather entertaining style, sometimes marred by euphuisms, Mr. John Macy takes up the woman question. His attitude is generally benevolent but at times he waxes wroth at claims which he thinks unjustified, as, for instance, when he says, "Let us have done forever with this nonsense about the equality of the sexes. They are not equal in nature and never can be." But such moments of testiness are compensated for by other moments of a more generous character. "The modern woman," he remarks, "is coming to know that her body and her life, though part of a vast community, in some measure belong to her and that she has a right to do with them what she wishes and what she can, so long as she does not endanger the well-being of somebody else, and sometimes when she does."

The book contains one original chapter at least, which is a good deal to say in these days of much hashed-over material. It is the chapter entitled "Why Women Should Talk" and is the most interesting portion of the book. The old threadbare joke about women's tongues, which goes back to Henry the Eighth and Adam, receives a new interpretation at the author's hands. He shows how the education of each generation would be hampered at the source if it were not for this derided habit of our mothers—"bringing us up," as he says, "from wordless little animals to speaking boys and girls." Every school teacher should read this meaty little chapter.

It seems a little ungrateful to find fault with such a well-intentioned book; nevertheless it must be done. The jocular references to women like Mary Wollstonecraft, Susan B. Anthony, and Catherine the Great do not go down with me. Such women are not "Mary" and "Susan" to the author of this book, still less the excuse for a cheap barnyard joke. Almost as irritating as these slips is the persistent harping on the note of "ladies." The term is antediluvian. Doesn't Mr. Macy know that there have been no ladies in the world since the Russian Revolution of November, 1917? Does he never read *Time* or the *New Yorker* to learn about the world which he lives in? Apparently not. He is still shut up in his library with Ellen Key and Havelock Ellis and he still quotes their opinions as news. It is not until the very end of his book that he discovers that his authorities are a little out of date. The belated admission does him credit although his naïve excuse, that no worthy successors have replaced them, does not. Perhaps the upstanding woman of the present time has something else to do which keeps her from writing books. It may be that Mr. Macy will have to doff his smoking jacket and carpet slippers and venture out into the turmoil if he wants to find out what it is. In the meantime his gleanings from pre-war feminists have nothing but a literary value.

Mr. Macy has scoured the Old Testament and the classics for material about women. His last chapter is a set of brief biographies in which thirteen or fourteen characters are passed before us in review. The effect is naturally sketchy but it reveals the author's preference for French and romantic types. His devotion to his Swedish priestess is the exception. It is not, however, for these portraits but for its valiant thesis on "Why Women Should Talk" that the book should be read.

The House Beautiful

THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE. By EMILY POST. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

SUCH books are dangerous!

In the average household to which Mrs. Post's book will make its way, the immediate results will be a vague dissatisfaction on the part of the wife with things as they are; a disruption of the family budget; and, for the husband, such tragic experiences as reaching for the familiar polychrome smoking stand, only to touch a chaste mahogany book trough, or, fumbling for a collar button in the dim light of dawn, to find in place of his once dependable chiffonier his wife's petticoated dressing table.

Yes, such books are dangerous, but they are as cocktails in the life of a bored homemaker. Probably the ultimate effect of this particular book will be a decided improvement in the house of every woman who reads it,—if only by the process of elimination.

The spirit of Mrs. Post's new opus is suggested by its title. It radiates the personality of its author. You feel that here is a woman to whom homemaking is a continuous adventure which never turns stale or unprofitable. Here is a woman who, without a qualm, would entrust the planning of a new dinner frock to her modiste, but for whom the selection of a pie-crust table would entail long and patient browsing in shops, new and old.

All of which proves that "The Personality of a House" is for woman-consumption. The head of the family, supplying funds for building or rebuilding, might read it with profit, but its finer points would either puzzle him or ride lightly over his head.

Architects may consider the author's presentation unethical, and professional interior decorators may pronounce her style diffuse, but after all the book was written not for such as these but for lay women who have been groping for beauty.

The philosophy of the book is summed up in a few sentences found in the first chapter:

> The house that does not express the individuality of the owner is like a dress shown on a wax figure. It may be a beautiful dress—may be a beautiful house—but neither is animated by a living personality.
>
> And it is especially my intention * * * to point out as many as possible of the underlying principles by which home-loving people of refinement and taste are able to create an atmosphere of homelike charm with whatever they may have, and wherever they may be.

The subject matter has been presented by dozens of authors, but never quite so entertainingly. It has been treated exhaustively and more or less authoritatively in periodicals which specialize in architecture, furniture, and interior decoration, and in so-called magazines for women which dabble in such matters, but never with the loving touch which is Mrs. Post's. Probably this very love of her subject is the book's chief asset, making it a volume which women will read, consult, and use until some of their home-making dreams come true.

Another outstanding attraction is its agelessness. It calmly ignores that which is merely novel or faddish, and emphasizes that which has survived the years. The manner in which Mrs. Post disposes of contemporary furniture and decorations in the last chapter will delight those who crave a background that is simple, soothing, and gracious.

Speaking from the viewpoint of the reader most apt to purchase the book, its chief defect is its sudden transitions from intimate experiences and suggestions to technical dissertation. For example, such a reader, having fallen under the spell of Chapter I., "What is Meant by Personality," will be chilled by Chapter II., "Architecture at a Glance," and will skip hastily to "The Story of Houses in America." The same reader will be bored by "The Principles of Color Harmony" with its charts, and will dash on to "The Emotional Behavior of Color." However, in both instances, she will eventually return to the two chapters she first scorned, because after a superficial reading of the book she will feel stirring within her a real desire to understand the principles on which the appeal of the book is based.

And therein lies the value of the book. It has provocative, stimulating charm—for women.

A Concept of God

THEISM AND THE MODERN MOOD. By WALTER MARSHALL HORTON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by A. C. MCGIFFERT, JR.

HUMANISM has many ramifications. Inevitably, if belatedly, religion feels the repercussions of humanism upon the culture of its time. This was as true of Renaissance humanism and of eighteenth century humanitarianism as it is of the movement of the present day. Walter Horton singles out humanism as the chief contemporary issue in the field of religion. By training and temper and youth he is equipped for his task of appreciative criticism. His competent treatment of the theme of religion offers a refreshing contrast to the crude, bungling mishandling of the religious theme to which this patient generation is too frequently subjected.

There are two logics in religious humanism, according to Professor Horton. Kant's subjectivism is largely responsible for this curious involved mixture. Humanism is naturalistic in its view of the physical universe; idealistic in its exaltation of human values. Humanism may escape this contradiction in either of two ways. It may adopt a rigidly consistent naturalism, which will ultimately dissolve all faith in humanity and in the science and culture humanity has created. Or it objective validity of human dertake to protect them agai cosmic chill. Eustace Haydo mann, and Edward Scribner Ames represent successive stages of advance in the latter direction. In the cosmos they discover order, power, and beauty which most mightily support our human hopes and values. That is to say, these humanists are on the road to rediscovering what theists have meant by God.

It remains to explore afresh the nature of this world that we may identify, if possible, the characteristics of the divinity it discloses. Horton proposes a tentative definition of God and then proceeds to point out the empirical facts which validate the correctness of his hypothesis. "God," he says, "is that supremely worthful Being by devotion to Which (or Whom) man may attain the most vigorous vitality and the highest degree of selfhood of which he is capable." That such a resource actually exists there can be no doubt. What else is my own better self, or the best in our human heritage or the vast cosmic drift or trend toward harmony, fellowship, and mutual aid whereby our efforts to create a just equilibrium in human affairs are supported and sustained? These are matters of fact not of faith. God is first of all a matter of fact. Horton makes the admirable suggestion that the certainty of the reality of this God of universal human experience is a half-way house in which modern-minded men may find at least temporary religious shelter. They have forsaken the God of popular imagination and find no sustenance in the cut and dried concepts of the systematic theologian. They may not be willing to go the whole way with Horton to reach the God of Christian faith, though they will do well to know what he has to say about the paradoxical character of his final theistic interpretation. But at least here is a provisional concept of God in devotion to which (or to whom) it is possible to live sanely and wholesomely, if not abundantly.

"When Arthur St. John Adcock died the other day," says *John o'London's Weekly*, "Fleet Street lost one of its ablest men, and, what is more, one of the sweetest and most generous characters that ever walked its pavements. The kindliness of the man glowed through all he wrote, whether in the pages of *The Bookman*, which he edited so brilliantly, or in his poems and essays."

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SINCE the appearance of Robinson Jeffers none of the more recent male American poets has received greater encomia than has Hart Crane. And this arose immediately with the publication of his "White Buildings." We ourself derived very little from "White Buildings" save the impression of a wild talent which might make itself articulate when it chose to submit to some of the means of communication afforded by a proper use of the English language, which has proved quite flexible enough for greater writers who chose to use and not abuse its syntax. Undoubtedly a gift for imagery appeared in this newcomer, undoubtedly an intensity of feeling and a sensitivity to mood. And there was always the reckless reach for striking phrase which more than half the time eluded the grasp. Rhetoric there was in abundance, and rhetoric there is in abundance in Mr. Crane's latest, and second, volume, "The Bridge," which is the most ambitious flight he has yet attempted. It endeavors to wrest from its breast the full significance of Northern America, the utilitarian grace and beauty of the Brooklyn Bridge—such grace and beauty as always abides in great engineering—being its myth and symbol.

Dispensing with the book's dust cover, loaded with quotations from the poet's admirers, we gave ourselves to the poem itself, the mere binding of which is dignified and striking. We read the poem through at a sitting, no great feat, inasmuch as it is not very long. The total impression made is that the author is an outstanding modern writer. He has, perhaps, a touch—how slight or great it may be we are not prepared to say—of the thing called genius. He has the fire in his bowels. And he does things to the English language that make us wish to scream in torment.

The use of intransitive verbs as transitive verbs, the use of nouns as verbs, the jarring of mismated adjectives and nouns, the typographical tricks, so many wild phrases like "Who grindest oar, and arguing the mast Subscribest holocaust of ships," a great deal of sound and fury in reality signifying very little, cannot negate the fact that on occasion the cascading fervor of this poet's speech sweeps aside his obvious faults and raises the rainbow of his vision before our eyes. Nor may one scientifically analyze the spectrum of that rainbow, except to say that, in spite of his homage to Whitman, it seems to be his own. He has borrowed technical devices here and there, and has not thoroughly assimilated them. He is, once more, but half articulate. He has failed in creating what might have been a truly great poem, failed through the impatience and overconcern with mere impressionism which are characteristics of this age. One feels that though he has observed keenly and sometimes minutely the life about him, though he has read history with intuition, and though he has grasped swiftly some of the potencies of the tongue he speaks, he has need of a mental discipline that would teach him organization and control of his material.

One hesitates to say this of a young poet, because one of the virtues of the early work of a man who has not yet quite come into his own lies often in blazing his own trail and learning from the mistakes of his ambitions. And some of Mr. Crane's most successful moments are due to his sheer recklessness; he is an unbaffled though not always a successful Prometheus. Or he is like the bloody sparrow that climbed up the bloody spout. His farewell to the Bridge in the last section of his poem, "Atlantis," soars through such verbiage indeed that he eventually declares:

Migrations that must needs void memory,
Inventions that cobblestone the heart,—
Unspeakable Thou Bridge to Thee, O Love.
Thy pardon for this history, whitest Flower,
O Answerer of all,—Anemone,—
Now while thy petals spend the suns about us, hold—
(O Thou whose radiance doth inherit me)
Atlantis,—hold thy floating singer late!

which is indeed rather hard to disentangle. It is, at best, but a fervent stammer.

But to realize the force of this poem one must not read it piecemeal. One must make the best of certain apparently undecipherable passages. Mr. Crane can invoke the Bridge in much more inspired terms, as in his Proem:

And Thee, across the harbor, silver-paced
As though the sun took step of thee, yet left
Some motion ever unspent in thy stride,—
Implicitly thy freedom staying thee!

After the Proem we hear Columbus speaking in "Ave Maria" where

. . . waves climb into dusk on gleaming mail;
Invisible valves of the sea,—locks, tendons
Crested and creeping, troughing corridors
That fall back yawning to another plunge.

He is to bring back Cathay, as he believes. Section II, "Powhatan's Daughter," begins with "Harbor Dawn," almost wholly successful, and follows with "Van Winkle," "The River" (perhaps the most powerful division of this section), and "The Dance," in which the spirit of Pocahontas first truly appears.

We danced, O Brave, we danced beyond their farms,
In cobalt desert closures made our vows. . . .
Now is the strong prayer folded in thine arms,
The serpent with the eagle in the bough.

This is followed by "Indiana," a pioneer mother's farewell to her son, a sentimental interlude, to which succeed "Cutty Sark," "Cape Hatteras," and "Three Songs." We cannot but think that Mr. Crane is at his best when he deals with the sea, save for the remarkable section following on "Three Songs" and "Quaker Hill," successive as they are to "Cape Hatteras." The section to which we refer is entitled "The Tunnel," and we know of no poem about a ride on the Interborough under the river which could better it. "The Tunnel" comes directly before the final section, "Atlantis." It might be said to furnish an Inferno to be contrasted with a Paradiso. When "The Bridge" is concluded we have had glimpses of a great deal of America. We have been reminded of the special American significance Vachel Lindsay found in the legend of Pocahontas, we have recalled Herman Melville, "Cape Hatteras" has yielded up Walt Whitman, we have looked on the gigantic Mississippi, and the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe has ridden with us on the subway. We have adventured with the airplanes of this modern age. We have had variety enow.

And, to speak for ourself, we found it all quite fascinating. Our demurrer is entered against too great haphazardness in the organization of the material and against phraseology that often clots against all sense and that even sometimes descends to the banal. But there is a sweep to this poem; it is a most interesting failure; and it reveals potencies in the author that may make his next work even more remarkable.

Edgar Lee Masters has not been heard from in poetry for some time. We have recently read his "Gettysburg, Manila, Ácoma," in a limited edition of three hundred and seventy-five numbered copies. "Gettysburg" deals with Booth just before he assassinated Lincoln, "Manila" gives the Filipino side of our annexation of the Philippines, "Ácoma" is laid in "the City of the Sky" in New Mexico. The first two poems are indictments of America, particularly "Manila," in which finally the voices of the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, Nicaragua, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and even China and Japan are heard against the sins of statesmen. Masters knows his history, and these poetic dramas possess an historical interest. Yet their long-winded blank verse becomes extremely tedious and the more lyrical passages sometimes slip into almost unbelievable banalities. It is a long way back to "Spoon River." We prefer the New Mexican verse drama to the others, as poetry. And we prefer to quote this from it in closing:

Come white dawn youths out of you, rising Sun,
With wild verbenas,
With meadow foam, and larkspur; where you run
Fling wild azaleas;
Strew ghost flowers for the stars, and whispering bells
Where the lonely hill is;
And heap the heights with thistles, and the dells
With desert lilies:
These for the light, O Sun, which on the rim
Of the mountain quivers,
As milk weeds shiver where the swallows skim
The silver rivers.

As for the force of indictment, we have only to consider William Vaughn Moody's "For a Soldier fallen in the Philippines," the effectiveness of which is superior to anything in "Manila" or, indeed, to the whole poem. And as for the end of the Civil War and the soldiers returning, we have fairly recent examples of quite as effective writing, let us say, concerning Lincoln's last phase, though not from Booth's point of view.

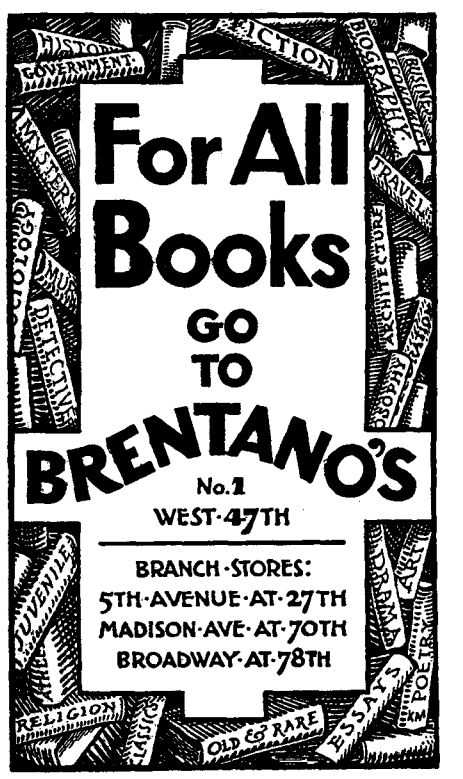
Strange Adventure

THE WORLD BELOW. By S. FOWLER WRIGHT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.00.

THE hero of this book is projected, as in Wells's "Time Machine," half a million years into the future, and returns to tell the excellent tale. He finds no men like gods, nor even any leisure class degenerating into children through millenniums of security; that would not suit the grim talent of the author of "The Island of Captain Sparrow." There are still violence and warfare in the future he encounters, although evolution is so far developed that he is most at home with a furry race he calls Amphibians, who, he conjectures, may be the distant descendants of dogs; their minds are far in advance of ours, but he can communicate with them on something like an equality, while the humans he meets, have less in common with him than he with a beast.

The book falls naturally into parts, social satire and pure adventure. The satire is by much the weaker part. To postulate an immensely superior race with no comprehension of our difficulties and explain our world to some of them, whether they are Houyhnhms, Utopians, or Amphibians, is always a little facile and now not novel. Sometimes Mr. Wright's desire to satirize his own time leads him into inconsistencies; for instance, his Amphibian heroine regards the hero's body with a contemptuous loathing such as we feel for vermin; but since the ruling race in that world is in appearance exactly like humans of colossal size, there seems no reason to suppose that she would have such feelings. The satire, however, occupies only a small part of the book, and the temptation to it must have been very great.

The strength of the book lies in the adventures, related with a combination of extravagant imagination and sober verisimilitude which makes Mr. Wright unique. He has wisely refrained from much talk of inventions which must necessarily be incomprehensible to his readers; instead he writes of monsters, and strange species that are still in the status of wild animals, though they have in some ways more powerful minds than anything now on earth. Readers of "The Island of Captain Sparrow" will remember how Mr. Wright there portrayed man-eating cassowaries and satyrs, with a conviction and detail that made them, for the purposes of fiction, quite credible; in his latest book he uses this same Defoe-like gift of detailed, unadorned narrative to win belief in far stranger things, and succeeds amazingly. For that reason his scenes of peril or cruelty have a gripping quality that is absent from most imaginative work. One will not soon forget the incident of the hero's being tossed carelessly into a basket together with the severed heads of some hideous brutes which retain enough vitality in death to keep snapping at him, or his long run down a cavernous corridor, in which bloodsucking tongues, like leeches, shoot out at every footfall, and pull him down if he pauses an instant to rest. And these are only two among many of the matter-of-fact fantasies that fill the book. Mr. Wright has an extraordinary fertility of invention, and with it a certain hardness of thought that is a valuable quality in a writer of adventure stories. "The World Below" is an almost painfully absorbing story.



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A Letter from London

By J. B. Priestley

THIS month, I am not really in a position to write about the English book world. I have spent most of this last month out of the country, in Germany. I can tell you more about German bookshops than I can about our own. But why shouldn't I say something about these German bookshops? I will. I will say first that they make me feel ashamed of my own country. There are so many of the German bookshops, to begin with. Every little town seems to have at least one or two. And bookshops in Germany are really bookshops; they do not disgrace the dignity of letters; they are filled with good editions of good authors; they are attractively set out; they suggest that both the proprietor and his customers care about books, real books. The very recollection of them makes me blush.

One or two things are worth noticing. The first is the incredible popularity of Galsworthy in Germany now. I think I saw more of Galsworthy's works displayed than the combined total of any other three authors, German, English, American, or French. The greatest German novelist of today is, in my opinion, Thomas Mann. I am not sure that Mann is not the greatest living novelist. If there is a post-war novel of greater intellectual force, more vivid, more memorable, than Mann's "Magic Mountain," all I can say is that I am not acquainted with it. And I thought I should find these very dignified and intelligent looking German bookshops crammed with the works of Thomas Mann. But not a bit of it. For one Mann there were a dozen Galsworthys. This is very odd, for not only is Galsworthy a foreigner, but he is not, in my opinion, Mann's equal. On the other hand, there was a noticeable lack of translations of other English and American authors. Galsworthy was first, Edgar Wallace next, Shaw third, and the rest nowhere. I noticed one or two rather forlorn Wells, Bennetts, and Walpoles, that was all. If I saw a single Conrad, it has escaped my memory. It is true, of course, that many Germans read English and become acquainted with us in the Tauchnitz Library, which has done good service to continental readers of English, though I must confess that I can never understand by what criterion, either of literary quality or popularity, the Tauchnitz editors choose their books. Meanwhile, I wish somebody would examine and report on the amazing growth of Galsworthy's fame everywhere during the last few years.

Let me admit at once, though, that the German craze for Galsworthy, though surprising and somewhat out of proportion, is not silly, whereas the fuss here a year or two ago about Feuchtwanger and his "Jew Süss" was profoundly ridiculous, for Feuchtwanger was an obvious second-rater and those critics of ours (and some of them were men of mark) who started the fuss ought to have been ashamed of themselves. Probably there is some truth in the observation of a cynical friend of mine, who holds that in our more perfervid literary circles there always has to be some "foreign fraud" held up for admiration.

I have returned to find that the Spring season is by no means drying up. I missed the actual publication of Humbert Wolfe's "Celestial City," but it seems to have excited the critics of contemporary verse (no bad thing, that, and Wolfe nearly always manages to do it) either to extravagant praise or downright abuse. I have not been able to give it the serious attention that I hope it deserves, but a hasty reading suggests that it contains, as usual with Wolfe, some fine lyrics, but is not very successful as a piece of narrative in verse. There is a certain fizziness, a soda-water quality, about Wolfe's poetry that makes a sustained achievement very difficult for him. He is an immensely clever and attractive person, but as a very brilliant and hard working civil servant, a reviewer and occasional critic, a witty diner-out, he must lead a kind of life that puts every obstacle between him and a solid long poem.

In biography, Edmund Blunden's long expected life of Leigh Hunt is attracting most attention. It is, of course, a very good piece of work, but, rather surprisingly, a little deficient on the critical side. What Blunden does makes plain is the character and baleful influence of Hunt's wife, who drank hard, borrowed unscrupulously, and alienated half his friends. Bookmen should make the acquaintance of "A Hundred Years of Publishing," which is the history of the famous house of Chapman and Hall, written by its retiring managing director, Arthur Waugh, himself an excellent critic. Chapman and Hall were, of course, Dickens's publishers; they published Trollope and many another giant too; and for years George Meredith was their reader; so nobody can say that their history was not worth recording. Arthur Waugh, father of Alec and Evelyn, and a man of books if there ever was one, has done his work very well.

Fiction is plentiful rather than exciting. Has Miss Sackville-West's "The Edwardians" reached you yet? Strictly considered as a novel, it is not very good, for the people in it are hardly real and the action is somewhat preposterous; but, on the other hand, it does what it really set out to do, that is, give a picture of the smartest Edwardian society and life in one of the grandest of the old English country houses, superbly well. Miss Sackville-West's rather formal prose, and its constant ironic undertones, is put to good service in the many fine descriptive passages; and the account of the Coronation, magnificently done, provides the right climax. If the book does not have a considerable success, both with you and with us, I shall be greatly surprised. And I have just read what seems to me the most promising first novel of the year, "Other Man's Saucer," by J. Keith Winter. Arnold Bennett has just told us that a book by a young writer cannot possibly be strong and original unless it shocks everybody, or nearly everybody. (I know what he means, but nevertheless, I think he is talking nonsense, and you have only to glance at a history of literature to see that I am right. This business of shocking people belonged to a certain period, the Shaw-Wells-Bennett epoch, and that period is now over. There is now no further necessity for the author as irritant, not in this country at any rate.)

Keith Winter should be a young author after Bennett's own heart, for in this one short novel, he succeeds in producing almost the maximum number of shocks. It is a study of a sensitive youth whose mind becomes warped because he too, like the reader, receives a number of shocks. We see him at home, with his queer scatter-brained family, at school, and then at an Oxford that is created simply out of the most unpleasant elements of the real Oxford. If the writer had introduced his very ugly sexual episodes and all the extraordinary violence of action and language (for these youngsters hurl themselves at one another's throats at the least provocation) merely to startle the reader into attention to himself, he would not be worth discussing, but quite obviously, to my mind, he has been entirely sincere, working out a theme that is very important to himself. It is a very young book and sometimes topples from the tragic into the absurd, but there is no doubt about its unusual intensity and queer vividness. Unless the author is like one of his own characters, and either murders somebody for fun or commits suicide out of boredom, we shall hear of J. Keith Winter again as a novelist, and probably hear a great deal too. Look out for him, but do not blame me if you are shocked.

My friend, Frank Kendon, the poet, has written an autobiography of his childhood, which has been published with an introduction by de la Mare, by the Cambridge University Press. I have a right to mention it here, if only because it has been very prominently and enthusiastically noticed this last week. It is beautifully written, and all the impressions of childhood have been caught and recorded in the most vivid and truthful way. It is a very quiet book, by the most modest man I have ever known, and no doubt it will create little stir in the noisy book world. Nevertheless, I say here and now that the book is a little classic, something done once and for all and done beautifully, and I advise everybody who cares about childhood and good prose to get hold of it.

The death of W. J. Locke was not unexpected, for he had been in very bad health for some time. There was little or no real creative impulse behind all his later stories, which were made on a formula, and there was not much beyond good craftsmanship and pleasant, easy writing in them. For years and years, he was what we should call now an unsuccessful highbrow, and then he suddenly became a very successful lowbrow. He never quite succeeded in breaking into the spacious, healthy country of the broadbrows, where there is good writing, tragedy, and fun for everybody. But almost to the last, he had what most of his colleagues in the popular magazines never dreamt of, a certain distinction of manner, as if his stuff were haunted by a ghost from the fastidious 'nineties.

Galdós's Reminiscences

MEMORIAS. Por Benito Pérez Galdós. Obras inéditas, Vol. X. Prólogo de Alberto Ghiraldo. Madrid: Renacimeniento. 1930.

Reviewed by Wilfred A. Beardsley
Goucher College

THESE "Memorias" are the tenth posthumous volume of Benito Pérez Galdós, edited by the South American writer, Alberto Ghiraldo, and they appear in the tenth year since the death of the author. They were written under tremendous difficulties; Pérez Galdós was already old, blind, and impoverished. His work during the last few years of his life had to be done by dictation, and he was still working on these "Memorias" the day before he died.

Yet with all these extraordinary handicaps, the work is literally pervaded with a delightful whimsicality. At first, the casual reader is likely to think the material a trifle "thin," but it is not long before its very good nature and lack of pomposity appear little short of heroic.

Probably Pérez Galdós, though almost equally famous as novelist and dramatist, will be chiefly remembered as the writer of the series referred to by the critic, Romera-Navarro, as "the most ambitious undertaking in the Spanish novel"—a *comédie humaine* no doubt inspired by Balzac, and of which the great realist would have every reason to be proud. These are the famous "Episodios Nacionales," and considerable light is thrown upon their local color and inspiration by these "Memorias." For example Pérez Galdós was present in Barcelona at the time of the Revolution which overthrew Isabel II. He was in Madrid when General Prim, hero of the Revolution, entered the capital. Not long afterward he saw the corpse of Prim being carried to church.

These were most dramatic—and tragic—moments, and without question contributed toward making Pérez Galdós the serious social writer which he became. He began with dramas in verse and in prose, but did not try to put them before the public until years after making his reputation as a novelist.

"A Sentimental Voyage"

VISAGES DE LA SUÈDE. By Christian De Caters. Paris: Plon. 1930.

Reviewed by William Leon Smyser

INSPIRED by the renascent *voyageur* tradition, Christian de Caters has visited Sweden. His canvas, in "Visages de la Suède," is much broader than that of Maurice Bedel, whose "Jérôme" won the Prix Goncourt some seasons ago. He attempts a composite picture of cities, industries, handicrafts, forests, folklore, and flirtations. Though this be not fiction, it is travel with a spice of romance and sentiment.

It is with regret that Caters takes his leave of the Värmland district where he has paid homage to the country of Ekeby forges and of Selma Lagerlöf, yet two days later he is happily motoring through a rival district, the Dalecarlia, with a charming Swedish miss by his side. She wants to know why French girls must always go about chaperoned. The passage is typical. This author, like Bedel, has carried with him into the foreign northland *le culte de la jeune fille*. Cyclists, of a precarious virtue, follow strenuous courses across the peninsula. Two girl canoeists pass on an unknown lake. Before her hut in Lapland we make the acquaintance of a winsome yet self-sufficing school-marm, exiled among semi-savages whom for the six sunny months she teaches.

"For a Frenchman," Christian de Caters decides, "it is easy to make love to a Scandinavian, because the men of this country have never learned the gentle art of paying compliments."

But since a sentimental voyage cannot interpret all of Sweden, "Visages de la Suède" does well to emphasize the new industrial age in Scandinavia, and to record a miracle of machinery and high tension which has brought sudden prosperity to a land which three generations ago was obliged to see its best sons emigrate. Sweden's forests now pass through sulphite baths to be bleached white for the twentieth century's news print. Sweden's mines supply the world's best steel. Christian de Caters has drawn the full portrait of a people at work and at play.

His day began with the death of an old man...

and ended with the birth of a child

Doctor

SEROCOLD

by Helen Ashton

Between 2:30 a.m. (the death of the doctor's partner) and 11:45 p.m. (the birth of Mrs. Perkins's baby) you join an old-fashioned physician on his daily round of an English village. With him you explore the interior of many lives. For this novel is a page from the day-book of Doctor Serocold, whose patients bring him not only the ills of their bodies but the ills of their hearts, their secrets as well as their symptoms. Arnold Bennett says: "I recommend this book without reserve." Frank Swinnerton says: "It has given me real delight." $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for July

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Children's Books in Holland

By HENRIETTE HENDRIX-HOLST

ONCE upon a time children had to be good. They were praised for virtuousness, and they were told that virtue always met its reward in the end. Those of us who are old enough to remember this golden age, know that the books of that period corresponded with these—now incredible—ideas.

Holland had a writer who grew lyrically enthusiastic about honest boys and industrious girls. His name was Hyronimus van Alphen, and I have always believed that his parents, in giving him that Christian name, must be held responsible in some way for the eccentricities of his later life, as no one with the name of Hyronimus could have been anything but superlatively honest and clean and brave and gentle and unselfish and virtuous in every respect.

Strange to say, his poetry still lives, but this may be chiefly due to the fact that a later generation satirized it and set it to music. We still sing the song of Cornelis, who had broken a windowpane whilst playing ball, and went straight to his mother to tell her of his misdemeanor, and was forgiven because of his honesty; of Jantje, who was tempted to steal a few plums from his father's pet plum tree, but who overcame the temptation and whose obedience later met its reward in the form of a handful of plums.

Naughty children had to learn such poems by heart, and I imagine that the revolt made them naughtier than ever before. By the time Ellen Key made her influence felt all over Europe, and also Holland dared to accept other theories than those of Hyronimus the Good, writers began to assert that children should live unhampered and develop their original individualities; but soon the modern ones among them glorified the naughty child, ridiculing the goody-goody boys and girls, who always learnt their lessons, always washed their hands before meals, and always spoke in a gentle, respectful voice to their elders, and in the end always turned out bad.

The story of the little Dutch boy who put his thumb in a hole in a dyke and thus saved his country from a flood, is not known in Holland. In the land of water and dykes every child would understand that such a thing is impossible, and the charm which the story has for foreign children would be lost to them.

When I was young, the jolliest books in Holland were the translated ones. We read all of Jules Verne, much of Mark Twain, and Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo" might have been more by thousands of pages and still enjoyed. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was as popular in Holland as "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." The best original Dutch books were—and still are—those with an historic background. Our sea heroes, De Ruyter, Tromp, and Evertsen figure in many of these. Jan de Witt, the statesman who fell as an innocent victim of murder,—as is also described by Dumas in "La Tulipe Noire,"—is a well-known and beloved hero of Dutch children, and Piet Hein, who conquered the Armada and brought home the "silver fleet" from Spain, still lives in the hearts of our youngsters. Willem Andriesse is the favorite author of most of these books.

Later, Kieviet with "Dik Trom" and Van Abkoude with "Pietje Bell" came forward in an entirely different manner, pure fiction, and they were both so successful that they had to write sequels and similar stories to satisfy their youthful audience. Both Dik and Pietje are delightful creations; naughty rascals, but with the traditional heart of gold. They have been responsible for many an adventure in school life with disastrous results, but all the same their influence on children cannot have been harmful.

Top Noeff—now one of the foremost novelists of Holland—began to write at the age of sixteen, and her first book, "School Idyls," made her famous. It was followed by several others, all about adolescent girls and meant for them, although girls of ten and twelve are enthusiastic about them too, and many adults thoroughly enjoy them.

She has the gift of being extremely witty and at the same time full of sentiment, and she is unsophisticated enough to look upon everything in life with the eyes of a child. Her books—novels as well as juvenile literature—have been translated into many languages and read all over Europe, but strange to say, they have never appeared in English.

Heyermans, the famous playwright, somehow had the idea that all adults remain children in a way, and several times he sat down to write stories for big children. I remember one of these, written about thirty years ago, when the possibility of flying in airplanes was only hinted at, in which he described a family who secretly flew over their town at night always returning before sunrise. But one night, whilst picnicking on the platform of a church steeple, a half-burnt cigarette set fire to the wings that were made of silk, and they would have starved, if they had not been discovered by chance. Like Jules Verne he wrote about *improbable but not impossible events*, which in many cases have become realities. In a more recent imaginary story he ventured on the field of surgery with its almost alarming process of enterprises: a doctor who replaces sound eyes for sick ones. Thus "Joep's Strange Adventures" gives us the story of a blind millionaire, who suddenly finds himself looking at the world through cat's eyes!

But gloriously realistic and at the same time poetic and altruistic, as he always is in his dramas—"The Good Hope" played by Eva le Gallienne is a good example of these qualities—he showed himself in his last books, "Little Dream King" and "Little Firefly," the latter unfinished and published after his death a few years ago. I do not quite know whether little or big children will appreciate these most. "Little Dream King" is a poor child, born lame, the idol of his parents until the advent of the baby sister, "that horrible creature without teeth or hair, that was biting his mother." The sequel is the story of this baby sister, when both have become orphans, and this book is as pathetic and beautiful as the first.

A sister of Heyermans lives in this country, the widow of Dr. Houwink of St. Louis; together with Lilian Sanders she is responsible for the fine translations of several of Heyermans's plays. Now, together with her daughter Eda, she is translating some of the above-mentioned books.

A very novel and excellent way of writing about a boy's life is exhibited in a book by Theo Thyssen. It is mostly imaginative. The most commonplace events become interesting and worth while because of the boy's trips into an imaginary world where things happen as they might happen but never do. How he describes the tragedy of having to wear a new suit made out of Grandma's old wintercoat, and how he makes the best of it, is a delightful story, and the book is full of similar instances.

On the whole, the juvenile literature now produced in Holland is ever so much more entertaining and amusing and therefore also more interesting than that of one or two generations back; it has a fine undercurrent of feeling, not too obvious, and that is just what children love.

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

THE WORLD'S FAMILY. By HELEN CORKE. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1930.

Reviewed by JOHN BIRD

THIS book is a brief survey of the world's peoples from earliest times to the present day, apparently intended for children ranging from about nine through the early teens. It is aimed, in fact, at rather older readers than is V. M. Hillyer's more extended "Child's History of the World," and at ones considerably younger than those who would fully enjoy Van Loon's "Story of Mankind." There is a place for such a book. "The World's Family," however, even allowing for its brevity, falls far short of the Van Loon standard, and at no time approaches to the unusual excellence of Hillyer.

"The World's Family" is based upon the familiar but perfectly good idea that all peoples throughout history are to be regarded as part of one great family. It is rather old-fashioned in manner, reminding one of the "Little Cousin" books. There are good chapters in it, some where they might least be expected. Sargon and Hammurabi, for instance, emerge clearly from their setting. The earlier chapters dealing with the hunters, nomads, shepherds, and the first tillers of the soil are perhaps the most satisfying. Here the problems of selection have not weighed too heavily upon the author.

One wonders whether the method of suppression really helps children towards an understanding of the world family. We learn of Mohammed, just as we learn of the Christians, that he was remarkable for worshipping but one God. We are not informed that he founded the rival religion of Islam. Later on the Franks are found, quite incidentally, to be at war with the Mohammedans. This is not presented to us as a war between religions, and for all we are told no Christian might have laid down his life fighting for the true cross in the Holy Land.

Miss Corke avoids the Scylla of too much detail only to founder in the Charybdis of condescension. Turning to the passage on Shakespeare's World, the child reader will find an excellent sketch of the dramatist and his stage. But at the end of it he is slapped in the face with the following:

> People took two hundred years to find out that the poor lad from the country, who could not act, was a supreme genius, and a child of the human family whose name and record will be treasured for ages.
>
> Do you understand why? *You are not old enough to understand why.* It is quite likely that you would not enjoy reading Shakespeare's plays. But some day, with good luck, you may go to see one of them performed, and then you will have taken the first step towards answering your own question.

It is a sorry expedient to add Shakespeare's plays to the already long and wearisome list of mysteries about which children are warned that they are not old enough to know. Judged by that standard what chapter in this book would survive? This passage deserves to be incorporated in a handbook "How *Not* to Write for Children." It stands for the awful negation, the everlasting *Don't* and *Mustn't*, which Kenneth Grahame has so rightly made fun of as the Olympian attitude of reproving elders.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL. Collected by HELEN FERRIS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.50.

MISS FERRIS has culled from the autobiographical records of five distinguished women those portions which may be supposed to have a shaping influence upon the youthful reader at the same time as they offer her interesting annals. She has chosen two American women—both, as it happens, from the Middle West—Jane Addams and Janet Scudder; an Austrian, Ernestine Schumann-Heink; Marie Curie, a Frenchwoman who was born in Poland and who outranks all the others in the importance of her achievements, and Etsu Sugimoto, a Japanese, who has attained to a position on the teaching staff of Columbia University. Of the selections from their chronicles she has formed a book full of fascinating material which should prove both an encouragement and an inspiration to girls standing on the threshold of maturity.

To the autobiographical chapters Miss Ferris has prefixed brief introductions summarizing the careers of the chosen group and adding some general comment upon its members. We cannot but feel that Miss Ferris is too condescending in these notes, that she has infused too much of an "uplift" intention into them and has thereby written down to a public which if it is old enough to read her volume with appreciation is old enough to draw its own conclusions from its narrations. Nevertheless, her book is one which should, and is sure to command attention.

The John Newbery Medal, awarded annually by the section for library work with children of the American Library Association for the most distinguished children's book of the past year, was recently presented to Rachel Field for "Hitty, Her First Hundred Years." The medal is named in honor of John Newbery, an eighteenth century publisher and bookseller, who was one of the first publishers to devote attention to children's books. It is the gift of Frederic G. Melcher of New York City. Only citizens or residents of the United States are eligible to receive it.

Miss Field is the author of "Taxis and Toadstools," "Eliza and the Elves," and other stories, plays, and poems for children. Among those who have won the medal in former years are Hendrik Van Loon for "The Story of Mankind," Hugh Lofting for "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle," Dhan Gopal Mukerji for "Gay-Neck," and Will James for "Smoky." Last year the medal was given to Eric P. Kelly for "The Trumpeter of Krakow."

THIRTY FATHOMS DEEP. By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

YOU can't keep a good man down, not even a deep-sea diver like Commander Ellsberg. In his tremendous narrative of the raising of the S-51, "On the Bottom," Commander Ellsberg revealed a remarkable mastery of the art of straightforward literary action. This book is an adventure story of very high order, in which deep-sea diving, its technique, its perils, its personnel, play a dramatic part, entwined with Spanish gold, pirates, and plenty of gore.

One day young Bob Porter picked up an old Spanish book in a Boston bookstall. In it he read how the galleon *Santa Cruz*, laden with the gold of Peru, went down a league south of El Morro Island, rather than fall prey to Drake and the men of the *Golden Hind*. Bob's enthusiasm was fired and his uncle financed a treasure hunt on the *Lapwing*—a modern treasure hunt commanded by a Navy salvage officer, with four Navy divers, compression chambers, diving-stages, and all the paraphernalia of "On the Bottom." That was where the *Santa Cruz* lay—in thirty fathoms.

There follows a virile narrative of one of those bitter struggles with the sea, to write of which Commander Ellsberg's experience has admirably equipped him. There are dangers, anxieties, broken hoses, the "bends," tunneling, under-water acetylene torches, complicated by a couple of renegades in the crew, and an attack by a modern pirate craft, manned by the riff-raff of Guayaquil, which is sunk, after a thrilling battle on the high seas for the possession of $5,000,000 worth of Spanish gold. It's a good yarn, well told. It will appeal to boys of every age up to seventy-three.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. By CAPTAIN F. MARRYAT. Edited by MAY MCNEER. Pictures by LYND WARD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by ELINOR WHITNEY

A STORY such as this which has stood the test of time and appeared in various editions from the year of its appearance, 1846, is a difficult book for a reader to view with a critical eye. Either he must accept it passively and with respect for its longevity overlook what he may consider its deficiencies or even absurdities, or else he may take the bull by the horns, a fitting metaphor to use in connection with this particular book of the New Forest teeming with just this kind of animal, and try to say what he really thinks of it. The fact that it has just appeared in a series of children's classics is perhaps an excuse for searching for the qualities that have made it live, and have caused it to be given to a very modern illustrator to interpret it in pictures.

I find it hard to believe that this book will have any appeal to the modern boy and girl. The story because of its quaintness and naïveté arouses a certain warmth in an older person, particularly if the person has any memories of an earlier reading which always lend a charm. From an artistic standpoint the illustrations may be fine, but what there is in either text or illustrations for a younger reader I am at a loss to discover.

The story of the Beverly children, cared for by a kind and loyal verderer of the New Forest after their father has been killed fighting for King Charles and their home burned, is a strange mixture of realistic detail and far-fetched romance. Edward, the eldest child, was between thirteen and fourteen and yet his language and actions would certainly place him at twenty-five. Humphrey the second was twelve, Alice, eleven, and Edith, eight, yet after a year's training before old Jacob died, Humphrey became a most efficient and far sighted farmer, and the girls successful poultry-raisers, cooks, and dairy-maids. The realistic detail has to do with the hunting, trapping, and catching of the animals of the forest and the performance of household duties, while imagination provides heroic rescues, the outwitting of enemies and bandits, and the finding of hidden treasure. The children under the force of circumstance become models of intelligence and industry. Perhaps no one device in the story serves as a better example of the blending of fact and fiction than Humphrey's meticulously prepared pit which caught in turn a young bull for food, a gypsy boy for a farm-hand, and a villain who sought to take Edward's life. This edition has had some details and repetition removed, but even with dead wood cut away the reader wonders where is the green wood of Captain Marryat's New Forest.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

LETTERS OF REBECCA GRATZ. Edited by RABBI DAVID PHILIPSON. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. 1929.

When in 1817 Washington Irving visited Walter Scott in England, the latter was planning a novel with Jewish characters. Irving described to him Rebecca Gratz, the intimate friend of his fiancée's mother, Maria Fenno Hoffman. The result was the Jewess Rebecca of "Ivanhoe," who, Thackeray declared, was "the sweetest character in the whole range of fiction." These letters, now admirably presented to the public by Dr. Philipson, can only confirm in detail the long-established reputation of Rebecca Gratz as a free, generous, and loving spirit. The majority of these two hundred letters are addressed to her sister-in-law, a granddaughter of Colonel Christopher Gist, who lived in Kentucky. While largely family letters, they sometimes rise above the interests of the family circle and give us glimpses of their friends, Irving, Henry Clay, Fanny Kemble, and others. Together with the volume edited by W. V. Byars, "B. and M. Gratz, Merchants in Philadelphia 1754-1798," it forms an adequate chronicle of the Gratz group, one of the most distinguished of American Jewish families.

Born during the American Revolution, Rebecca Gratz lived beyond the Civil War; she was a pioneer in social and philanthropic work. Her letters, though often commonplace, reveal a piety, a loveliness, and a deep exaltation of spirit. While deeply religious, she escaped the dour fanaticism that afflicted many in the nineteenth century. She had "not much respect for pious Zealots—there is so much pride and uncharitableness mixed with their self-righteousness that it seldom comes to good," nor could she ever understand why "the worship of God should be so fertile of ill will on earth." She was interested in nature, in art, and in literature, but she was more deeply interested in life itself, where her love encompassed both the great and the humble. This volume is a fitting memorial to one whose life deserves commemoration. The editing of Dr. Philipson is excellent; it is painstaking, intelligent, and adequate, and might well serve as a model for the editing of similar family letters.

THE JACK-ROLLER. By *Clifford R. Shaw*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

SKETCHES ALONG LIFE'S ROAD. By *Elizabeth Harrison*. Stratford. $2.50.

THAT MAN DEBS. By *Floy Ruth Painter*. University of Indiana Press.

THE LETTERS AND EPIGRAMS OF SIR JOHN HARINGTON. Edited with an Introduction by *Norman Egbert McClure*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $5.

MATERIALS FOR THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE. Compiled by *Pierce Butler, Ph.D.* Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $2.

THOMAS CHATTERTON THE MARVELOUS BOY. By *Esther Parker Ellinger*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1930. $2.

VOICES OF OCTOBER. Art and Literature in Soviet Russia. Vanguard. 1930. $4.

SEVENTEEN LETTERS OF GEORGE NOEL GORDON LORD BYRON TO AN UNKNOWN LADY. Edited with Introduction and Notes by *Walter Edwin Peck*. Covici, Friede, Inc. 1930. $7.50.

Education

PRACTICAL STATISTICS FOR TEACHERS. By *Marion E. Macdonald*. Macmillan. $1.60.

RESEARCH METHODS AND TEACHERS' PROBLEMS. By *Douglas Waples* and *Ralph W. Tyler*. Macmillan.

A WORK BOOK FOR PRINCIPLES AND SUPERVISORS. By *Robert Hill Lane*. Macmillan. $1.

READING AND LIVING. By *Hill, Lyman, and Moore*. Scribners. Book I, 84 cents; Book II, 88 cents. Book III, 88 cents.

TYPES OF WORLD LITERATURE. Edited by *Percy Hazen Houston* and *Robert Metcalf Smith*. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50

GOOD READING WORK CARDS FOR GOOD READING FIRST READERS. Scribners. 40 cents.

GOOD READING WORK CARDS FOR GOOD READING PRIMER. 40 cents.

HOBBES: Selections. Edited by *Frederick J. E. Woodbridge*. Scribners. $1.25.

NEW METHOD IN EXPOSITION. Fifth Year, Second Half. By *William A. Boylan, Constance W. Fuller*, and *Albert S. Taylor*. Scribners. 64 cents.

FAMILIAR ESSAYS OF TODAY. By *Benjamin A. Heydrick*. Scribners. $1.

TRADE TRAINING IN SCHOOL AND PLANT. By *Herman S. Hall*. $3.

DO YOU KNOW ENGLISH LITERATURE? By *Blanche Colton Williams* and *John Macy*. Appleton. $3.50.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION. By *Ward G. Reeder*. Macmillan. $2.25.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By *William B. Cairns*. Revised Edition. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Fiction

KING HABER and Other Stories. By ALFRED NEUMANN. New York: Alfred H. King. 1930. $2.50.

The three short narratives in this volume are less substantial but not less brilliant than Herr Neumann's longer works. It is likely that his talents are better suited to the full historical novel, where he has scope to attain depth and to pile up detail underneath his brilliance. These three pieces, then, for all their splendid glitter, are not the kind of thing that we are likely to remember for very long; at times they seem merely tentative suggestions for novels to be written later. However, we are always pleased by the excellent atmosphere and the bizarre characterizations in the volume. Throughout, we remain interested and admiring as we watch Herr Neumann's nimble and resourceful mind in action.

The title story is the best, although "The Patriot" almost comes up to it. Unfortunately, these two stories are much alike in plot. In both we see the weak sovereign, the scheming politician who is the power behind the throne, the machinations leading towards revolution, and at the end the death of the schemer. After we have closed the book the two stories are a little confused in our mind, for many of the incidents are practically interchangeable. But after a second reading we sense in "King Haber" a greater vitality, and we refuse to be seriously bothered by the similarity between it and "The Patriot." The third tale, "Schoolmaster Taussig," is little more than a psychological stunt, being the agonized introspections of a hunchback who, though well past middle age, has not yet subdued the flesh. In this mental melodrama Herr Neumann is not so successful as in his lusty politics and his lurid court intrigue.

This collection will not injure the reputation of Herr Neumann. It represents him, however, at something less than the height of his power.

CHANCES. By A. HAMILTON GIBBS. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.50.

Some authorities hold that a reviewer should not say much about the person or affairs of his author, but should keep his eye firmly on the ball, deal with a book as a book, and have done. But a writer is (or may be) a human being, and if he happens to be interesting in that capacity, why not say so? The Gibbs family are interesting as a family, like the Bensons and the Sitwells and the Powyses. A. Hamilton Gibbs, the youngest of the three, married an American and lives in New England, writes altogether Britishly, and did a best-seller a year or two ago. Rather like the Kipling case so far, and you may surmise that he also will return to the atmosphere of public school and "right sort" in which his fancy works most freely.

"Chances" is by no means a new kind of story. It is a tale of two brothers, devoted friends, who love the same girl, go to war, and have their problem solved by the kindly hand of death. A glance at "Who's Who" suggests a strong autobiographic background for the action. Mr. Gibbs, like his brothers, went to school at St. Malo and later at Oxford, was a boxer and an oarsman, served with the field artillery during the war. "Gun Fodder," written rapidly in 1919, was his personal war-story. "Chances" is a modern romance with a war in it which happens to be "the War."

The short of it is that by a quite conventional mechanism of misunderstanding and cross purpose the girl accepts the wrong brother, but luckily he is the one to be killed in action, so everything comes out right for the lovers. This Gibbs, like his brother Philip, writes always like a gentleman and a sportsman, with real concern for decent feeling and decent conduct. You lay down this book with a reassuring sense that the survivors of the war generation cannot have been all worms or cads, despite the weight of testimony in the court of the after-war novel.

THREE-A-DAY. By DOROTHY HEYWARD. Century. 1930. $2.50.

This is an amusing story of life in the vaudeville world. Mrs. Heyward has assembled an incongruous trio of musicians: a girl, Jan Dane, born and brought up among show people; a young violinist, Ric Anderson, who once in a fit of temperament let an audience wait for him in vain and now must find some way to live incognito while he finishes his concerto; and Tad Merivale, an agreeable gilded youth who is quite willing to become a flutist or anything else that will allow him to travel with Jan. The author has taken full advantage of the possibilities of the situation; especially amusing is the education of the Carnegie Hall violinist, who learns, among other things, that "an act the audience likes is a good act, and an act they don't like is a bad act," and comes to realize that he had better conceal his temperament from people to whom the cardinal point of honor is "The curtain must go up."

There is also the wrong side of life among that extraordinary, nomadic people whose whole world seems to be made of wavering scenery, gay paint on one side and harsh canvas on the other. Several chapters show Jan out of a job, and give in detail the false hopes and disappointments, the apparent suspense in which managers keep applicants, the precarious tenure of jobs when they are won, and through everything the reckless, desperate keeping up of front. In these chapters the author, who has descended to something perilously near potted sentiment in the incident of the dead dog, shows a notable objectivity and restraint. All in all, anyone who has ever felt an ambition to learn the mysterious language of *Variety* (and who has not?) will like this book.

YOKED WITH A LAMB, and Other Stories. By HELEN R. MARTIN. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.

This is a very depressing collection of short-weight narratives. In no one of them does Helen R. Martin give the self-respecting reader his money's worth. He is put off with sugary local color (the Pennsylvania Dutch people are done without any real sympathy or effectiveness), and he is forced to sit under a smug Sunday school teacher. Nine of these pieces are reprinted from various periodicals; the tenth, which is as long as the rest put together, is the title story. It puts forward the astounding thesis that small-town girls are sometimes ignorant and petty. Indeed, the whole volume is suitable for only the most naïve reader.

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH. By ETHEL MANNIN. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

This is a story of the Channel Islands, and the peasants who gain a hard livelihood between farming and fishing, always living very near to the land, and very near to the sea as well. The feeling of nearness to the earth, land and water both, runs through the book with the power and penetration of a rising flood. It is a laborious and bare life, but one has no feeling of bitterness such as one finds in Mr. Eugene O'Neill's studies of New England peasants. It is a wholesome life in beautiful surroundings, as is made very clear by the contrast with the shoddy, second-hand genteelism of Brixton, when one of the characters moves there, but one does not catch the passionate love of the soil that one finds in Mary Webb and so many other English writers. The life is not primarily harsh nor beautiful, it is primarily vital and natural.

The story is concerned with a single family, and chiefly with the head of it, Jean le Camillon. We know him as a strong young man and as an old one; we are at his marriage and the death of his wife, the birth of his children, and their death or dispersal. "Children of the Earth" is an unusually rich book; all the children have striking characters and interesting stories of their own. Only Fleur is a little waveringly drawn; from the presentation of her in girlhood one would never suppose her capable of marrying the deplorable tripper from London; it is as if Miss Mannin wished to secure the very effective foil of Acacia Avenue and was not sufficiently careful of her means. But Fleur is the only one of the numerous characters who does not ring altogether true; each of the other children is taken quite naturally and necessarily away from the cottage, and Jean le Camillon, at the end of a weary lifetime, is left alone.

Then, one of his daughters comes happily home. It is the strongest tribute to the pervasive atmosphere of the book that the happy ending does not seem in the least forced or sentimental. The whole is imbued with the cyclic processes of the earth; the tide ebbs, and returns; the fields are reaped, and put forth again. It seems no less natural that of those that go away, one should come home again. This is a strong, warm, fertile book.

(*Continued*

These belong on every vacation reading list

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"No student of contemporary history will want to miss the fascinating and true romance that this life of Trotsky relates."—*The Nation.*
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by Jesse Lynch Williams
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Points of View

Emily and Major Hunt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have read Miss Taggard's book with great pleasure and admiration. I feel, however, that she begs the question in regard to Major Hunt. The influence of Major Hunt, the antithesis of a preacher, explains some of Emily's life and some of her poetry, otherwise inexplicable. For instance, it is just at the climax of her friendship with him that her anti-clerical attitude first becomes noticeable, as expressed in certain of her letters of 1856, '57, and '58, and in this love affair we find cause for that sense of combined sin and saintliness which Miss Taggard says she finds it hard to explain.

Squeamishness over the fact that the man whom Emily Dickinson most cared for was a married man, must be set aside. It is Emily's nearest living relative who has three times confirmed that fact in print. Only a year after her mother's death, Mrs. Bianchi wrote that there was "at least one passionate attachment whose tragedy was due to the integrity of the Lovers, who scrupled to take their bliss at another's cost." In "The Life and Letters" Mrs. Bianchi gave her now well-known version of her aunt's love story, the essential facts being that the man was married and had one child, that there came a break in his professional career, that he went away "a continent's width remote," and that he "died prematurely."

In 1924 I wrote to Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, who replied graciously and with no special reservation as to the use of what she had to say. A part of her letter to me was incorporated into my thesis on Emily Dickinson, filed in 1925. Since there is a copy of it in the Jones Library in Amherst, as well as in Columbia University, the Amherst copy being in free circulation, we may consider this bit of the letter in the nature of public property. Mrs. Todd herein states that there had been "two so-called love affairs."

Miss Taggard, Mrs. Bianchi, Mrs. Todd, and Lavinia (one deduces from this letter) agree that there was an emotional disturbance as a result of the southern visit in the spring of 1854. "Then ('several years' after 1850) I found one more, but he was not contented I be his scholar, so he left the land," says Emily herself in 1862. Reverend George Gould was not within five hundred miles of Philadelphia in 1854. Dr. Wadsworth was still in Philadelphia in April, 1862, he did not die prematurely, and other facts in his life do not fit Mrs. Bianchi's story. Lieutenant Hunt "left the land" in 1857, when he went to Key West, a little island with a predominant negro population. "I, too, have an Island," wrote Emily to Mr. Higginson in 1863, "whose rose and magnolia are in the Egg, and its Black Being but a spicy prospective; yet, as you say, fascination is absolute of clime" (Galatea Collection Boston Public Library).

As to the reference in a letter to Sue written by Emily while on her southern trip, "one I love is coming here," Emily is writing from Washington, not Philadelphia. When Emily was so writing, Lieutenant Hunt was actually planning to come to the Willard Hotel. Since the publication of my book I have been able to fix the dates of that southern journey. On April 7, 1854, "E. Dickinson and family" were first registered at the Willard. Emily wrote to Sue during the second week of her stay. Lieutenant Hunt's business was in Washington, and he was living near enough to be appointed one of "the resident members of the local committee" who were in and out of the Willard all during that time making preparations for the coming Convention. In Emily's third week, Lieutenant Hunt registered at the Willard Hotel for the session. I do not suggest that Emily was referring to him in her letter to Sue. I suggest in my book that she was thinking of Helen Hunt. But Mrs. Bianchi can settle this point within twenty-four hours by publishing the letter unedited, if she cares to. For some reason certain people will not face the fact that Lieutenant Hunt was calling upon Emily afterwards in Amherst. His reference to her dog, to gravitation (the subject of part of his paper of 1855 in Providence), his promise to "come again in a year," are my authority, via Mr. Higginson.

The Higginson statement, reprinted in Miss Taggard's book along with his first letter to his wife, was written some hours afterwards and kept in his valise, as a second letter tells us. It is not part of a letter, but actually a brief biographical outline. It was Mr. Higginson, not Emily, who said that "Major Hunt, etc.," and he did not base his statement upon those two short sentences uttered by her, we may be sure. Notice his use of markers to set off her father and Major Hunt as influences upon her. Of all persons for whom first-hand information is claimed, Mr. Higginson is nearest in time, he talked with Emily herself, his is the only opinion independent of the Dickinson family, it is the one man's opinion yet given, his is the only information given directly, it was to him that Emily wrote her simple autobiographical statement in 1862, he names the major unhesitantly, and he names no other.

Now as to my reason for daring to call this a "love affair." I also have a Mrs. X who is very largely responsible for the publication of my book. So terrified was she at the thought of being named, that I presented my story without her. She has been in a position to know something about Emily's love affairs so far as the family could tell. A letter from her to me shows her active participation in the preparation of my book.

My belief is that certain of Emily's poems were written about any one of several loves. Some of them were written to one man, before his death and after his death. "If he were living, dare I ask?" is objective, certainly. Miss Taggard speaks of "the unnamed lover," and twice of "her second love."

Before anyone else writes at length upon Emily Dickinson's life, it would be most desirable that not only Mrs. Bianchi but also she who first edited the poems and letters should give full assistance. And when all is said on the subject of her loves, Emily will still be elusive.

JOSEPHINE POLLITT.
Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

More Royal than the King

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It seems to me that Mr. Emerson G. Taylor, who reviewed my book, "Generals Die in Bed," in your last issue, is more royal than the king. Even the English and Canadian reviewers did not question the authenticity of my statements that troops of the Canadian Expeditionary Force looted the French city of Arras in the Spring of 1918 and massacred unarmed German prisoners at the Battle of Amiens on August 8, 1918.

In his criticism Mr. Taylor says in part: ". . . the author . . . has elected to use as material for what is evidently a cherished chapter, the *legend* (italics mine—C. Y. H.) that drunken Canadian troops riotously looted the city of Arras after the helpless French civilians were evacuated; *he has thought fit to relate as authentic* a sensational scene in which his comrades butcher whole groups of unarmed German prisoners taken in the victorious advance eastward from Amiens . . . the reader is invited to accept Dominion soldiers, whether in battle or billets, as wearing typically the guise of lice-infected sots and lechers, hysterical victims of oppression, or brutish savages."

I can well sympathize with Mr. Taylor's dismay on discovering that war as it was fought by the Canadians was a dirty affair. Of course, during the war, the English official communiqué often spoke of the "gallant Canadians," just as Mr. Taylor does in his article, but this is rather a late date to reprint wartime propaganda slogans. We, in the Canadian contingent, used to smile with bitterness at this English flattery until it was a current joke in the C. E. F. "that England would fight to her last Colonial."

I elected to use the looting of Arras in my novel because I took part in it myself, and I thought that a picture of the war as seen from the viewpoint of a Canadian ranker would not be complete without it. The same is true of my description of the massacre of the German prisoners at Amiens.

When "Generals Die in Bed" appeared in England last month, the jingoistic London *Daily Mail* launched a bitter attack on the book through its editorial columns. It said that I besmirched the memory of the gallant lads who gave their lives for King and Country, etc., etc. But the *Daily Mail* did not deny the looting of Arras or the shooting of prisoners. It said: "The looting was nothing serious; at that date (April, 1918) Arras, after the fierce fighting which had taken place close to it in March, had not very much left that was worth commandeering, and the inhabitants had fled.

"For the soldiers to fall upon the empty shops was doubtless naughty, but these things do happen in war." (*Daily Mail*, May 10, 1930.)

Now for Canadian testimony! The *Spectator* of Palmerston, Ontario, in an editorial naïvely writes:

"The writer of this new book seems to have gone out of his way to insult Canada in his reference to the looting of Arras which occurred in the Spring of 1918 during the German advance when Arras was so menaced that it was practically evacuated by all of its civilian population. Under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that some soldiers helped themselves to wine which lay about the cellars and which appeared likely to fall into German hands. Soldiers from the Second Canadian Division were recognized as some of those who helped themselves and for this act of several individuals, the whole Second Division was given extra line duty. This punishment gave this division the right to boast of the fact that they spent more days in action than any other Canadian division." (May 15, 1930.)

In the fighting which took place after the looting of Arras, the Second Division lost an appalling number of men, but this, the editorial writer fails to mention.

Mr. William Arthur Deacon, noted Canadian literary critic of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, who served in the C. E. F., says: "The revelation that Canadians took no prisoners in some engagements should cause no excitement now, since it is agreed that the practice of killing unarmed prisoners was common to both sides."

I fail to see how reference to the looting and massacre reflects upon the "gallantry" of the Canadian contingent. Soldiers loot when they get the opportunity to do so. They also take no prisoners when their superior officers whip up their savage enthusiasm with faked tales of atrocities.

It is to mankind's lasting glory that men could have lived through the overwhelming agony of bombardment, raids, battle, lice, and horror of war without complete degeneration.

CHARLES YALE HARRISON.

Hardy and Housman Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Margaret Woodbridge, in a letter printed in your issue of May 17th, asks if anyone has called attention to the "striking similarity" between "The Division" by Thomas Hardy, and "The half-moon westers low—" by A. E. Housman.

Because the latter appeared in a volume published in 1926 (*sic*) and the former in one published in 1909, your correspondent implies that Housman's poem was based on Hardy's.

Perhaps it was. It would not be the first time since 'Omer that an artist has chosen to better the theme of a predecessor; but the evidence given is inconclusive, and contains an element of evasion which points so patently to partisan inspection that to balance the score a member of the opposing party ought to make the equally foolish assertion that the elder poet was influenced by the better one.

This stand can be substantiated as follows: In his foreword to "Last Poems," Housman states: "About a quarter of this matter belongs to the April of the present year, but most of it dates between 1895 and 1910." This is the piece of evidence evaded by your correspondent. Although Housman's artistry shows little development, because his first book was mature art, one can trace a movement from pathos toward ethos which gives a recognizably different general tone to his two books, even though the philosophy is unchanged. On this basis of distinction, and it seems the only one, "The half-moon westers low—" would be more at home in the "Lad" than in the book in which it actually appears. So it can be reasonably assumed that it is one of the poems belonging to "dates between 1895 and 1910."

Upon that basis one can claim that Hardy's poem, published in book form in 1909, more probably was influenced by Housman's than *vice versa*. My chain of specious reasoning, however, falls down for the same reason that Margaret Woodbridge's fails; for there is ample evidence in her copy of "Time's Laughing Stock" (*sic*) to show that "The Division" undoubtedly was composed in the late 'sixties, even though it is not one of those poems that bear dates. As Housman then was a child of perhaps seven or eight, it is unlikely that he saw the poem in a current periodical, or was influenced by it if he did. It is even less likely that its influence would have endured past the composition of "A Shropshire Lad," to crop up at some date between the publication of that book and that of "Time's Laughingstocks."

Whether the solution is coincidence, or influence one way or the other, it is not my purpose to determine in this fashion. I wish merely to point out that such speculations, based upon casual evidence, are meddlesome and fatuous. They are, furthermore, malicious when the charge of plagiarism stands veiled in the background. In reasonable justice such charges should be backed by a sort of evidence better than that which misstates the publication date of one of the works referred to by four years, in a controversy in which time is the significant element.

ALEXANDER LAING
Hanover, N. H.

Chaucer in Translation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was moved to write this letter eight weeks ago on the appearance in the *Saturday Review* of the article entitled "The Unknown Poet." It seemed wiser to reserve judgment until I had seen the book of which this article was preface. On reading your essay entitled "Chaucer Renewed," however, I feel impelled to say what has been in my mind so long, without even glancing at Mr. Hill's volume. Perhaps I should be satisfied with the opportunity to read your sympathetic and scholarly paper, and not cavil at the attitude the volume under review seems to imply, but I shall be ungrateful and express a dissenting opinion.

No matter how well done the "translation" of Chaucer may be, was there any reason for making it? Whom do the author and his favorable reviewers expect to read the volume? Certainly it is not intended for even the humblest co-worker of Dr. Kittredge or Dr. Carleton Brown. No person sufficiently interested in literature and life to read Chaucer will think of reading him in any other form than the truly inimitable one in which his works have come down to us. Is the book then intended for those who lack the scholarly equipment, the mental stamina, or the intellectual curiosity to read Chaucer in Middle English? If so, does the book serve any useful purpose? Is it not one more attempt to discover a royal road to learning, in this instance a short cut to the understanding of a man, wise beyond his fellows, alert, sly, and mellow in his knowledge and enjoyment of life? It is my belief that such a book simply panders to the laziness of shallow culture seekers who would like to believe they have read a great and profound poet but who lack the qualities essential to the understanding and appreciation of his work. It is simply a fact that everybody cannot, or, at least, will not, obtain the preparation, and use the intellectual energy necessary to read Chaucer. What is the use then of encouraging their deluded notion that all knowledge is available if one but knocks at the doors of the outliners, the paraphrasers, the translators, and the popularizers.

Are we to suppose that Mr. Hill's book and the sanction given it by the *Saturday Review* implies that an understanding of Chaucer is one of the inherent rights that Jefferson forgot to mention in his well known list?

DONALD A. ROBERTS.
College of the City of New York.

The Ivory Tower

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. H. Barrett Learned, in a recent issue, asks for information as to the source of the expression "The Ivory Tower."

The only origin I can find is in the Song of Solomon—"Thy neck is a tower of ivory."

It is evidently a piece of oriental imagery, in which that book abounds, and as such used by poets of many eras. Could there possibly be any connection between the Ivory Tower and the Ivory Gate, mentioned by Virgil in the lines:

Sleep gives his name to portals twain,
One all of horn, they say,
Through which authentic spectres gain
Quick exit into day.
And one which bright with ivory gleams,
Whence Pluto sends delusion dreams.

The reference to Sainte-Beuve is most interesting. That writer may have meant that the reader must possess the power to understand the poet both in kind and degree—in short, they both should inhabit the same sort of a spirit dwelling.

EDITH D. MITCHELL.
La Grange, Ill.

Mendelssohn Documents

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A Mendelssohn Committee in Berlin is publishing the first complete critical edition of the writings of Moses Mendelssohn. The committee would welcome any information concerning original documents or letters pertaining to Mendelssohn which may be accessible in this country. Information may be sent to Professor Edwin H. Zeydel, University of Cincinnati.

EDWIN H. ZEYDEL.
Cincinnati.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

IF there is any parent who has not yet made up his mind on the camp question, and would like to do so in time to select one for the summer, the publication by the McCall Company, "Camping and Education: Camp Problems from the Camper's Viewpoint," by Bernard S. Mason, the *Redbook Magazine's* prize book, will be to his advantage. This award was made by a distinguished committee and won by a member of the Department of Sociology of Ohio State University, but the treatment of the problems is quite informal enough to please the camping reader, and the arrangement of matter such that anything one wishes to find discussed—and everything on the subject is there—may be found in a moment. I was struck by the discovery that the advice to camp leaders would, if taken by young mothers, settle some standard disciplinary problems. For example, "Give a child time for reaction. Say: 'One more dive and all out' rather than 'All out quick.'" There is a huge bibliography.

R. M. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., gives "some more information for our California friend regarding the New York Elevated Railroads. "Leslie's History of Greater New York," by Daniel Van Pelt, put out by the Arkell Publishing Company in 1898, Chapter XVI, Volume I, should be of interest. There are two pictures of trains. There is a very good picture on page 35, part1, of "New York, the Metropolis," published by the New York *Recorder* in 1895. In John William Leonard's "History of the City of New York, 1609-1909," published by the *Journal of Commerce* in 1910, there is mention of the El on pages 449 to 451. There are no pictures in this book.

"Fifty Years of Rapid Transit," by James B. Walker, gives considerable space to the El from its beginnings to 1918. There is one photograph that shows one of the earliest locomotives used on the El. It looks a great deal like a miniature edition of the locomotives they use on Hudson Street, (those boxed-in affairs) for moving the freight cars. This book was published in 1918 by the Law Printing Company, 6 Church Street, New York, N. Y.

Leslie's Weekly should be a fertile field for research on this subject. There is a file of it in the New York Public Library, but I haven't had time to wade through it. I mention it because your correspondent may have access to a file and might find it interesting. It was started in 1855 and was always illustrated.

The trouble with most of the books I have seen is that they deal with facts concerning the company rather than with cars or locomotives, which I gather is what your correspondent is most interested in."

My pictures of proposed elevated railroads in New York, reproduced from old prints by Baruch, have proved a riotous success as framed wall decoration.

S. M., Ojai, California, asks for titles of books on Mary Magdalen or concerning her part in the life of Christ.

MARY MAGDALENE'S part in the noble poem "Firehead" by Lola Ridge (Viking) is the most recent appearance of the character in literature; this long poem in varied verse forms takes place during the crucifixion, with an epilogue at the Resurrection. The text of "The Passion Play of Oberammergau" is translated by Montrose Moses in a volume with this title (Duffield) now appearing in a revised edition for the 1930 celebration, with a historical introduction and a long bibliography. In this, Magdalene speaks in the second scene of the third act, and from the fifteenth act through to the close. The value of this book to prospective travellers is apparent. There was a controversy over the right of Maeterlinck to use in his "Mary Magdalene" (Dodd, Mead) certain incidents also appearing in Paul Heyse's earlier "Mary of Magdala," which was published here in English by Lederer in 1900; Maeterlinck's play has kept in print and has been often reprinted abroad. In French we have "L'Amante du Christ," by Rodolph Darzens (Fasquells, 1900); "Mary Magdalen," a lyric passion play, by Clara Commer (Hofling, 1914); "Maria Magdalene; oder, Sünde und Sühne," by B. Ponholzer (Bonn, 1928); "Giuda," by Federico Ratti (Vallecchi, Florence, 1924); "La Rosa di Magdala," by D. Tumiati (Treves, Milan, 1923); "Mary Magdalen," an oratorio by Massenet (Schirmer); "Easter Evening," in "Three Eastern Plays," by Theodosia and Edward Thompson (Allen); "Marie de Magdala," verse with music, Wilfrid Lucas (Monte-Lenes, 1923); "Maria-Magdalena," dramatic poem by LaVilleherve (Sansot, 1921), and "La Peccatrix," by Camille Quievreux (Figuière, 1925). These are some of the plays; I give dates to show that interest is not dying. In novels and sketches we have Edgar Saltus's "Mary Magdalen" (Brentano); James Sheridan Knowles's short story "The Magdalen" (1835); "Saul, of Tarsus," by Elizabeth Miller (Bobbs, 1906); "Mary of Magdala," by Mrs. H. G. Roberson (Saalfield, 1909), about "the good woman who has become confounded with the courtesan"; "Une Repentie," by Marcelle Vioux (Fasquelle, 1922), and "Mary of Magdala, Her Romantic Story," by Archie Bell (Page, 1925). The inquirer looks for literary treatment of the character, otherwise any Bible dictionary would do for data. The literary treatment that seems to me the best is in two short stories of Anatole France. The first, the little masterpiece called "The Procurator of Judæa," in "Mother of Pearl" (Dodd, Mead), has a glimpse of her before her conversion, "her barbaric dances, her voice—a little raucous and yet so sweet—her atmosphere of incense, the semi-somnolescent state in which she seemed to live." In the second, "Laeta Acilia" in "Balthazar" (Dodd, Mead), she appears after her conversion as one of the two leading characters of a story that deftly sets forth ideals of character in the Roman world and that which was to overthrow it. These ideals keep Laeta Acilia for some time from following the example of the Magdalene. "To please Him one is obliged to fall prostrate and dishevelled at His feet," she says. "That is not an attitude which beseems the wife of a noble. I will have nothing to do with a religion that disarranges the hair!"

E. W. D., Trevlac, Indiana, adds to the outfit of verse readily remembered, the poems of Van Dyke, Burns and—guess?—why, Riley, of course. I shiver at the thought of how it must have seemed to an Indiana man not to find J. W. R. on my list. There was a poet of the people for you, if you like: he is on the lips and in the heart of generations of his own folks.

IT pays to advertise in this department. The mystery of the Leech prints, which, I may say, had baffled many an expert before it was laid before us, seems on the way to solution. *A. H. Howard, Burnwood, Delaware Co., New York,* says: "In your column you draw attention to sixteen plates signed by John Leech. One of them I can identify, 'Mr. Wyndham Flitter makes himself at home.' Wyndham Flitter was a character created by Albert Smith in a novel called, I think, 'Tilbury . . . .,' written in the late 'fifties or early 'sixties. Flitter was a man of the world, a cosmopolitan, living more or less on his wits, fixed in my memory by his remarking of another character in the book, Lord Courtland the young Oxonian, 'Look at Courtland; he can reel you off the classics as easily as I can the two-year-olds of the season, but put us into society where there are foreigners, and then see who is the best man.'

"This appealed to me, a young fellow fresh from a public school—Marlboro—stuffed full with classics but knowing next to nothing of modern languages.

"My impression is that the other plates belong to the same book; the titles read as if they did. Albert Smith, as no doubt you are aware, was a minor literary man, well known in that era but quite forgotten now except by a few, who like myself are over their four score and ten. Eighty years is a long time to look back on, but I have many pleasant memories, although they *are* responsible for this poor handwriting."

(The handwriting, I may add, is so clear and decisive that, taken together with the letter, I had the surprise of this year when I reached the statement about four score and ten.—M. L. B.)

Virgil Student, Wisconsin, asks what books are being issued and what celebrations made in honor of the Virgil Anniversary.

THE book that has most recently reached me is an anthology of poems in English, "Master Virgil," compiled by Elizabeth Nitchie (Heath), in which poems ranging in date from Chaucer and Lydgate to the newspapers of the present day are arranged in groups to celebrate Virgil the poet, Virgil the magician, the Æneid, the Georgics, and the Eclogues, and there is a brief but wise introduction calling attention to the effect upon such diversity of talents of the poetry of the Mantuan. Sometimes these are full-length poems, sometimes selections in which reference is made to Virgil. I found it charming reading.

The same author's "Virgil and the English Poets" (Columbia University Press) appeared in 1919; the appendix contains a list of translations, imitations, parodies, and burlesques, alphabetically arranged. Robert Seymour Conway's "Harvard Lectures on the Virgilian Age" (Harvard University Press) comes in time for the celebration; these lectures are "concerned with a period of about forty years of Roman life, a period which, in spite of political vicissitudes, has a unity of its own and is the true Golden Age of Roman literature." The most important section is that dealing with the philosophy of Virgil; five lectures (given at Harvard in 1928) are a continuation of the author's "New Studies of a Great Inheritance." Henry Rushton Fairclough's "Love of Nature among the Greeks and Romans" (Longmans, Green) is a new volume of the fine series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," whose subject matter is material for this anniversary. Professor Fairclough's English translation of Virgil is in two volumes of the Loeb Classical Library (Putnam). In the "Debt to Greece and Rome" series one of the most popular volumes, published in 1922, is "Virgil and His Meaning to the World To-day," by John William Mackail (Longmans, Green). T. R. Glover's "Virgil" (Macmillan) also directs the student's attention to his place in everyday human life as well as in literature. There is a scholarly biography of the poet, "Virgil" (Holt), of interest to the general reader, by Tenney Frank, author of the "History of Rome" (Holt).

Celebrations in honor of the anniversary are many and far-flung; for more detailed information write to the Casa Italiana (Italian House), Columbia University.

A. L. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks if there are other recent handbooks besides Baedeker useful for a visitor to Oberammergau.

BESIDES Montrose Moses's "Passion Play of Oberammergau" (Duffield), recently described in this column (it has the full text and a historical sketch), there is the new "A Wayfarer in Bavaria," by Suzanne St. Barbe Baker (Houghton Mifflin), which has chapters on the Passion Play, Bayreuth, Wagner, Bohemian Munich, and the Munich of to-day. "A Wayfarer on the Rhine," by Malcolm Letts, is another new one in this series. Other books were given in a recent list.

E. J., Glens Falls, N. Y., asks for books on Botticelli and his times.

"SANDRO BOTTICELLI," by Wilhelm von Bode (Scribners), is a famous study of the painter's life and art in its relation to his time and to the ideals of his patron; it is beautifully illustrated, a picture gallery in itself, and costs ten dollars. The most inexpensive book on the painter that I know is Henry B. Binns's "Botticelli" in the "Masterpieces in Color" (Stokes); these little volumes have eight color-plates apiece, with a brief sketch for the general reader. Julia Ady's "Sandro Botticelli" is an English book (Duckworth), but may be bought in this country and found in not a few of our public libraries; it is an excellent popular account of his life and time. Botticelli, of course, appears in all the histories of art; for instance, he has a chapter with Ghirlandajo in Edith Abbott's "The Great Painters in Relation to the European Tradition" (Harcourt, Brace), among whose three hundred illustrations a number of his paintings are given.

F. J. W., Oakland, Cal., asks for a list of high-grade cook-books, "containing recipes of famous cooks; there are so many on the market not worth considering that I am asking your assistance."

MY assistance was practically forced upon the reading public in the matter of cook books while this letter was on its way to me, as those will recall who read my remarks on the Charleston cook book and the one from Cape Cod lately tested by this cook stove and found fully up to their own claims. My usual advice in matters of this sort is twofold: Isabel Lord's "Everybody's Cook-book" (Holt) is a sort of cyclopedia of the kitchen; the arrangement is such that anything may be found as in a dictionary, and the directions are given with mathematical precision; it has foreign dishes and foreign terms as well. I think, however, that it is out of print, though it should not be too hard to get. The second piece of advice is to send for the list of cook-books published by Little, Brown, who have just about cornered the market in this line. You may prefer the noble side-partner of Plymouth Rock, Miss Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Book"; you may, like me, pin your faith to Mrs. Lincoln's "Boston Cook Book," companion of many adventures with a sheet-iron wood-burner in New Hampshire; you may choose half-a-dozen others, but Little, Brown has them all in stock. They have just published that Cape Cod one, too.

M. F., Columbus, O., is preparing a Master's thesis on the history of children's books, and asks for information about them before 1850.

"A CENTURY of Chi
Florence V. Barry
ran), is the most complet
subject in one book that
rial may also be found in Lucy Fay and Anne Eaton's "Books and Libraries" (Faxon), Mrs. E. M. Field's "The Child and His Book" (Wells), Augustus Hare's "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth" (Arnold, 2 vols.), "Forgotten Tales of Long Ago" and "Old Fashioned Tales," edited by E. V. Lucas (Wells), Montrose Moses's "Children's Books and Reading" (Kennerley), W. D. Orcott's "In Quest of the Perfect Book" (Little, Brown), and Agnes Repplier's "Books and Men" (Houghton Mifflin)—a list I lifted bodily from the first chapter of that peerless bibliography of children's books, "Realms of Gold," by Bertha Mahoney and Elinor Whitney (Doubleday, Doran).

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 1179)

THE LUCKY PRISONER. By COMTE DE GOBINEAU. Brentano. 1930. $2.50.

This is the second edition of Gobineau's romance, "Le Prisonnier Chanceux," to be published in English within a few years. It is a little difficult to see just why such flattering attention should be lavished by translators and publishers upon what is in fact nothing more than a conventional novel of adventure, written by its distinguished author for publication in the pages of a daily newspaper. During the earlier part of his career Gobineau did literary hack work of one sort and another whenever he needed the money badly enough—which, it is hardly necessary to add, was often. "The Lucky Prisoner" is one of those endlessly spun out stories after the Dumas model, in which each instalment ends with some exciting situation which involves the hero's life. There are also duly allotted passages of more romantic import, and a slight dose of humor.

On the whole, Gobineau did his work well, and his story still bears reading, since the period, which is that of the Huguenot wars, is well studied, while, to complete the picture, the author has been careful to add a number of historical personages, including Diane de Poitiers, to his list of characters. Surprising as such a book from the pen of the dignified author of the "Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines" may seem, it should be remembered that he was by no means the only well-known writer who stooped to the *roman feuilleton* in those days. Mr. William A. Drake's translation is sufficiently expert to be worthy of a more important original.

PRESENT-DAY AMERICAN STORIES. Scribners. $2.

INSTEAD OF THE THORN. By *Georgette Heyer*. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SOUL. By *Oscar Wilde*. Farrar & Rinehart. $5 net.

THE RED-HEADED GODDESS. By *Alice Ross Colver*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

DESTROYING VICTOR. By *Carleton Beals*. Macaulay. $2.50.

THE NEW IDOL. By *Gaston Leroux*. Macaulay. $2.

GREAT GERMAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Lewis Melville* and *Reginald Hargreaves*. Liveright. $3.

THE CORRAL OF DEATH. By *Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE MARK OF THE RAT. By *Arnold Fredericks*. Sears. $2.

THE BEST ENGLISH DETECTIVE STORIES OF 1928. Edited by *Father Ronald Knox* and *H. Harrington*. Liveright.

TALES FROM BERNARD SHAW. By *Gwladys Evan Morris*. $3.

GLORY'S NET. By *William T. Tilden, 2nd*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.

FIRE OF YOUTH. By *Margaret Pedler*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.

WEDDING RING. By *Beth Brown*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.

GATES OF DESTINY. By *Edna G. Cornell*. MEAD. $2.

PELLE THE CONQUEROR. By *Martin Anderson Nexö*. Peter Smith.

THE SON OF THE WOLF. By *Jack London*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.

International

DANGER SPOTS IN WORLD POPULATION. By *Warren S. Thompson*. Knopf. $3.

NIPPON SHINDO RON, or the National Ideals of the Japanese People. By *Yutaka Hibino*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

THE GOVERNMENT OF JAPAN. By *Naokichi Kitazawa*. Princeton University Press.

ECONOMIC NATIONALISM OF THE DANUBIAN STATES. By *Leo Pasvolsky*. Macmillan. $3.

RUSSIA IN THE ECONOMIC WAR. By *Boris B. Nolde*. Yale University Press.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE AND AFTER. By *Yamato Ichihashi*. Stanford University Press. $4.

Miscellaneous

SHAKESPEARE AND WORLD PEACE. By *Pauline Jennings*. Revell. $2.

TWAINIANA NOTES OF WALTER BLISS. Hartford, Conn.: Hobby Shop.

A SHOPPING GUIDE TO NEW YORK. By *Gretta Palmer*. McBride. $2.50.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MUSIC? By *Albert E. Wier*. Appleton. $3.

THE NANTUCKET SCRAP BASKET. By *William F. Macy*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

SOCIAL CHANGES IN 1929. Edited by *William F. Ogburn*. University of Chicago Press. $1.

A HISTORY OF MUSIC IN PICTURES. Edited by *George Kinsky*. Dutton. $10.

FROM BEYOND. By *Mrs. F. Stratford*.

QUAINT AND QUOTABLE SAYINGS AND INCIDENTS. By *Nicholas Nichols*. Stratford. $2.

THE EDITORIAL PAGE. By *Robert W. Jones*. Crowell. $2.

FAMOUS DOGS IN FICTION. By *J. Walker McSpadden*. Crowell. $2.

SEFER-HA-'IKKARIM. By *Joseph Albo*. Edited and translated by *Isaac Husik*. Jewish Publication Society.

EASY STREET. By *Roger W. Babson*. Revell. $1.

ETIQUETTE AT A GLANCE. By *Anna Steese Richardson*. Appleton. $1.

DECORATIVE ART, 1930. Edited by *C. Geoffrey Holme* and *S. B. Wainwright*. A. & C. Boni.

LITHOGRAPHY FOR ARTISTS. By *Bolton Brown*. University of Chicago Press.

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE. Crowell. $3.50.

MODERN FRENCH DECORATION. By *Katharine Morrison Kahle*. Putnam. $3.50.

LOVE. By *Louis Aaron Reitmeister*. Copeland. $1.

SABBATAI ZEVI. By *Sholom Ash*. Translated by *Florence Whyte* and *George Rapall Noyles*. Jewish Publication Society.

REVITALIZING RELIGION. By *Albert Edward Day*. Abingdon. $1.25.

THEY TRIED TO CRUCIFY ME. By *James W. Langley*. Pikeville, Ky.: Langley.

THE PEW PREACHERS. Edited by *William L. Stidger*. Cokesbury. $2.50.

CHEVIO'S BOOK OF NUMBERS. 2 vols. The London Pub. Co. $3.

CULTIVATING PERSONALITY. By *William S. Walsh, M.D.* Dutton: $2.50.

INDIVIDUALITY AND CLOTHES. By *Margaret Story*. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3.50.

MOTHER WIT. By *Estelle H. Ries*. Century. $2.50.

KNOWING, COLLECTING, AND RESTORING EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE. By *Henry Hammond Taylor*. Lippincott. $3.

COPY 1930. Selected by *Joseph Auslander, Ernest Brennecke, Lorna R. F. Birtwell, Helen Hull, Dorothy Scarborough, Warren S. Schutt*. Appleton. 1930. $2.

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT. Edited by *Mary Houston Warren*. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1930.

RURAL ORGANIZATION 1929. Proceedings of the Twelfth American Country Life Conference. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $2.

FLASH D13. The Inside Story of the Czar's Secret Service. By *Victor K. Kaledin*. Coward McCann. $2.50.

THE LEVINSKAYA SYSTEM OF PIANOFORTE TECHNIQUE AND TONE-COLOUR THROUGH MENTAL AND MUSCULAR CONTROL. By *Maria Levinskaya*. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. Ltd. 1930. $3.75.

Pamphlets

JOSEPH HAYDEN. By *D. G. A. Fox*. Oxford University Press.

BIBLIOMANIA. By *Gustave Flaubert*. Translated by *Theodore Wesley Koch*. Northwestern University Library.

THE ORGANISMAL CONCEPTION. By *William E. Ritter* and *Edna W. Bailey*. University of California Press.

VICTUALRY AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS. By *Bland Johaneson*. Glen Rock. Pa.: Walter Klinefilter. $1.

CONSTRUCTION AND CRITICISM. By *John Dewey*. Columbia University Press. 75 cents.

THE AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN FRANCE. By *Philippe Soupault*. University of Washington Chapbooks.

Poetry

LOVE AND THE LUXEMBOURG. By *Richard Aldington*. Covici, Friede, Inc. $10.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY. By *Newman Levy* and *John Held, Jr.* Knopf. 1930. $1.50.

TO THE GODS OF HELLAS. Lyrics of the Greek Games at Barnard College. Edited by Helen Erskine. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

VIRTUOZA. A Book of Verse. By *Louise Owen*. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

PRIZE POEM: 1913-1929. Edited by *Charles A. Wagner*. Paper Books. Charles Boni. 1930.

RELEASED. By *Anne Blackwell Payne*. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

MY ARGOSY AND OTHER POEMS. By *Alexander F. Jenkins*. Stratford.

GEESE ARE SWANS. By *Abe Craddock Edmunds*. Lynchburg, Va.: Little Bookshop.

THE FLAME OF LIFE. By *Lady Wentworth*. Murray.

SPINDRIFT. By *Florence Mary Bennett*. Portland, Me.: The Mosher Press.

LOVE POEMS OF JOANNES SECUNDUS. By *F. A. Wright*. Dutton. $5.

DANTE'S PURGATORY. In a Rhymed Translation. San Francisco: The People's Pub. Co. $2.

UNPASTORAL LYRICS. By *A. Burstein*. New York: Bloch Publishing Co. $1.50.

POETRY AND POETS. By *Amy Lowell*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

Travel

SO YOU'RE GOING TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $4.

An addition to this well-known series, and like the other volumes, chatty, informative, and reasonably comprehensive. The author has packed a good deal of history into her descriptions, and more biography. A Baedeker will still be needed, but this little book will humanize the trip.

LIGHTHEARTED JOURNEY. By *Anne Bosworth Greene*. Century. $4.

SPAIN. By *E. Allison Peers*. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.

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The Prohibitionists' Blind Spot

THE BOOK OF OTHER WINES—THAN FRENCH. By P. MORTON SHAND. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930.

THE author of this book quotes, at the head of the sub-section devoted to the Vine in America: "The degree of civilization of a people can always be measured by the quality and the quantity of the wine which it consumes"—which is at least as true as any other generalization. But the addiction of Americans to rum, whiskey, and (for a flourish) champagne has been a pretty sure index to the state of civilization among us, even if the assertion that the diabolical ingenuity of the fantastic cocktails of pre-Volstead days cannot definitely be proved to have caused the prohibition amendment. The attempt on the part of the prohibitionists to make us all lead the dry life instead of the good life (to borrow Dr. Canby's phrase) has had one most lamentable effect. It has put such a premium on hard liquor, made the wines so difficult to procure, that the ethical loss to temperance and sane living is incalculable. Your bone-dry will of course deny that there is any point here at all: that *all* alcoholic beverage is poison. But the history of the world tells a different story.

The present book is a continuation of a series which includes "A Book of Wine," and "A Book of French Wines," by the same author. It is a handbook of wines other than French; that is, to quote the table of contents, the wines of Portugal, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Eastern and Southeastern Europe, outlying parts of the British Empire, Asia, Africa, and America—a comprehensive list. But first the author has prefaced the general consideration of wines by an introduction on the Choice, Care, and Connoisseurship of Wines. The method is historical and descriptive, the manner is a bit more tart than mellow. But since the author has little patience with falsification of wine, or with the effort to increase endlessly the variety of sparkling wines (at the expense of sound old vintages), the tartness is far from unpalatable to the reader.

The printing of the book has been done by the Cloister Press in England, and not quite as entertainingly as the title and the text would warrant. Nevertheless it is a sound enough piece of bookmaking, and decidedly it should be in the library of all anti-prohibitionists.

R.

Three Tales

BIBLIOMANIA, A TALE. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Translated by THEODORE WESLEY KOCH. Evanston: Northwestern University Library. 1929.

DR. KOCH, librarian at Northwestern University, has translated Flaubert's fanciful tale of the Barcelona bookseller, and the translation has been printed in France. The tale itself, and more especially the bibliomaniacal state of mind, is well known to all book collectors; but happily few collectors take their hobby quite so desperately.

This small book is really a pamphlet, in paper covers, printed in an edition of five hundred copies on Arches paper. Dr. Koch has signed and dated the copies at Paris.

FRANCESCO COLONNA, A Fanciful Tale of the Writing of the Hypnerotomachia. By CHARLES NODIER. Translated by THEODORE WESLEY KOCH. Chicago: Privately Printed (Donnelley). 1929.

OF early printed books, the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" of 1499, printed by Aldus at Venice, is easily one of the most attractive in its typography and its woodcuts. It has long been an example of fine book printing. Within a few years its type has been revived and recut and placed in the repertory of printers who like well designed letters. It is therefore a typographic monument of some importance.

As a literary production let me quote from Mr. Koch's introduction (written, it should be said, with all the learned gusto of the bibliophile): "Reader, remember that this tale was not done for you,—nor is it for you now for the first time translated into English and embellished with facsimiles from the old Venetian book in question and adorned with pictures from the frescoed walls of the seminary in Treviso, where Francesco Colonna lived and wrote. Rather was this book done for those who love to dwell in fancy on the life of the Italian Renaissance and to catch a glimpse through the eyes of the imagination of a possible romance that *might* have been behind the writing of one of the world's famous books. It is but a fanciful tale about a book purporting to be based on a dream, and is itself woven of 'such stuff as dreams are made on.'"

The book is charmingly printed in Garamond type, with decorations from the Aldine book, and the illustrations are done in offset. Rubrication and a well done title-page make a thoroughly good piece of bookmaking. The work has been done in four hundred copies by the R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. of Chicago.

R.

SALAMMBÔ. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Illustrations by ALEXANDER KING. New York: The Brown House. 1930. 800 copies. $20.

IT is difficult to wax enthusiastic over the work of Alexander King, and what we read about him in the announcements of The Brown House (a new publishing venture in New York issuing limited editions) is interesting as to the man, but doesn't help his pictures.

The first volume issued in the new series is Gustave Flaubert's "Salammbô," the history of Hannibal's sister, first published in 1862. It is, as the announcement says, "a sensuous story, but it is savage and gory." In other words, it is a story of that savage and horrible Africa which also produced the deathless and in many ways abominable civilization of Egypt—the black man's barbarous culture. To those who like this sort of thing the book may be interesting; I must confess that I do not find it readable.

The present edition must stand or fall on Mr. King's pictures, of which there are a dozen and a half examples in full page, with numerous marginal line drawings. These smaller drawings in line are decorative and sometimes agreeable as drawings; the full-page pictures seem to me quite horrible both in subject and in treatment. That they do well carry out the bestiality of the tale is true. They are done in the spirit of the telling. But they are horrible nevertheless.

The printing of the book has been well done on a sumptuous scale, with the binding fittingly done in brown natural sheepskin, the color of the tanned skin before the grease is removed. This is an interesting use of leather, and one which should prove durable.

The further books in this series, to be illustrated by Mr. King, include "Tom Jones" and "The Brothers Karamazov."

R.

Typographic Notes

PUBLISHERS' and booksellers' catalogues are seldom well printed, partly because the publishers don't know how to make them attractive, partly because they place too low a value on the physical appeal of a well-printed list. Occasionally there appears a list out of the ordinary in attractiveness, such as that of Random House, printed by the Pynson Printers (with its felicitous choice of type and its green cover); the little twelve page announcement of the Harbor Press (with its delicate use of Garamond); Mr. Rudge's lists, always well printed; Douglas Cleverdon's fourth (spring 1930) list, efficiently set up in Baskerville type; the slight list issued by *The Fleuron*—slight but containing a most attractive array of books on printing and printers.

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FOR one who will make the unsavory and depressing journey from Exchange Place to Communipaw Avenue—through the slums and freight yards of Jersey City—there waits at the end of the voyage a really remarkable collection of books on printing, and of printed books. This is the Typographic Library and Museum of the American Type Founders Company, housed in a fine hall in one side of the manufacturing premises. This collection is the work of Mr. Henry Lewis Bullen, the librarian. A short account of the collections, together with a summary of the contents of the library, was written for *The Pacific Printer and Publisher*, and has been reprinted as a pamphlet, with illustrations. Copies may probably be obtained from the Company, 300 Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City.

THE annual almanac of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, "printed at The Museum Press for the Members of the Corporation"—and, happily, their friends—contains reproductions of old pictures of the Museum and its activities, as well as historical notes concerning museums of all sorts, such as the opening of the Musé de Cluny, the burning of Barnum's Museum, etc. The almanac shows the discriminating handiwork of the much loved and respected secretary of the Museum.

IN February that noble company of book collectors and *bon vivants*, the Rowfanters of Cleveland, honored their fellow member, Horace Carr, by arranging an exhibition of his printing in the Club House. Mr. Carr is an institution known and loved in Cleveland, where he has printed books and other products of the press for many years. In connection with the exhibition a small pamphlet, "In Horatium," with an appreciation by Benjamin P. Bourland, was printed in an edition of 250 copies.

THE COLOPHON, Part 2. May 1930.

THE second number of the *Colophon* is, if ignorance may for a second intrude upon the field of knowledge, so lovely physically that it is difficult not to accept everything with enthusiasm, and to commence a torrent of indiscriminate praise: the editors have done their work exceedingly well, and even though it is possible a few readers may feel a slight nervousness about succeeding issues, there is no reason to fear they will not maintain consistently the same high level of interest. The present number opens with Professor Schreiber on the subject of Edgar Allan Poe who, it seems, borrowed extensively from translations of German works made by Mrs. Sarah Austin; actually Poe knew no German, and as he allowed himself to be faintly critical of the sacrosanct Goethe, Mr. Schreiber has a delightful time with the entire affair. He is followed by Mr. James Laver, who discusses the line engravings of Stephen Gooden, the creator of the attenuated individuals on the title-pages of the Nonesuch Press Bible, and of the Absalom in riding boots, using an English saddle. Mr. John C. Eckel is hearty and obvious in his essay, "First Flights," in which he comments—with prices—as many others have done upon the difficulties of obtaining the first published works of modern writers. Mr. John T. Winterich's "Life and Works of Bloodgood Haviland Cutter" is wholly delightful, one of the most completely successful contributions to the entire *Colophon*. With such a subject—Cutter was, as he boasted on the title-page of his "The Long Island Farmer's Poems," "Mark Twain's 'Lariat' in 'Innocents Abroad'"—it would have been easy to be superior, but Mr. Winterich, in prose that has the distinction of recognizing the existence of English syntax, makes no attempt to be amusing at the expense of his hero. "Beneath the rather ponderable veneer of Cutter's oddities," he writes, "was a simple, kindly creature—too simple to take offense readily, too kindly to give it; devoted to his home, his fellowman, his God, and what he may have been pleased to call his art. [He was] filled with a far-ranging curiosity as intense as, if less intelligent than, Samuel Pepys's, and with all the true passion of the collector—a passion so consuming that it would have been happy to embrace every portable object in the universe." Bloodgood Haviland Cutter is unusually fortunate in having Mr. Winterich to introduce him to readers of the present day. "Another Day: a Retrospective Note on Thomas Frognall Dibdin," by Mr. Henry Watson Kent, follows—written in dialogue form, it is distinguished by the air of scholarly authority given by its long footnotes. In his nicest manner, Mr. Hugh Walpole contributes a charming piece of autobiography, his experiences with the first book of his accepted for publication. It is a pity that Mr. Melcher's account of Robert Frost and his books should give the impression of a hurried lecture before clerks who aspire to gain a "trade" knowledge of a contemporary poet: the facts are undoubtedly correct, but the manner of presenting them is, to say the least, unfortunate. The bibliography of Frost, compiled by Mr. H. S. Boutell, which concludes Mr. Melcher's article, is admirable, a most careful and thorough piece of work that has been needed. The final essay in the volume, Mr. Seymour de Ricci's "Book-Collecting for All Purses," is a splendid example of intelligent writing on a subject that does not always prove inspiring—Mr. De Ricci does his work so easily and so well that nothing short of despair can fill the minds of those persons who try vaguely to follow his example.

There is about the entire issue just described a feeling of enjoyment and of general interest that never fails to carry the reader along in spite of himself; even if he has never heard of Stephen Gooden or of Thomas Frognall Dibdin, he finds himself entertained, and more than willing to go on.

G. M. T.

Two aution sales catalogues, one from Hodgson in London, and one from Charles F. Heartman, were received too late to be noticed in time. The Hodgson sale, a large portion of the library of the late Charles Whibley, including his books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was, for any one with leisure, the more interesting; the Heartman sale again specialized in Americana and presented many unusual historical books and pamphlets. It is announced by Messrs. Hodgson that the remainder of the Whibley library—the collection of first editions of the Wordsworth and Coleridge era, together with modern first editions of English and French writers, many of them presentation copies—is to be sold early in July.

G. M. T.

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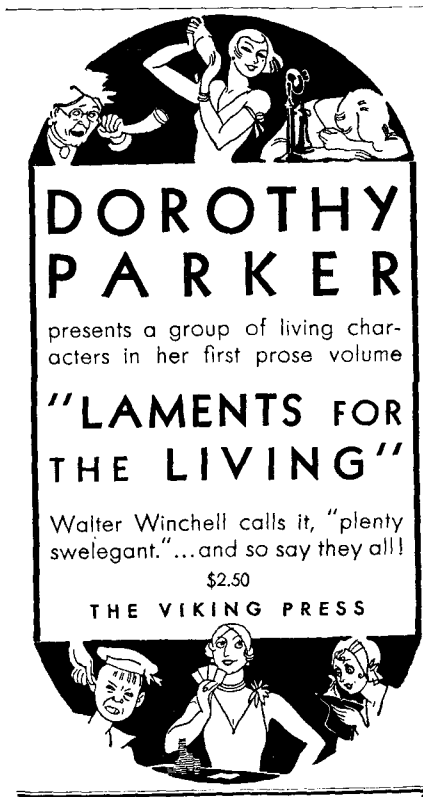
Many Christmas Presents of The Early Years stand out sharply in retrospect, but none as much as a Magical Chemical Set. Countless of these must have been distributed (and possibly continue to be these current Decembers) with the result that it became the ambition of each boy to grow up and be a Chemical Engineer.

Here we are now in *The Inner Sanctum*—not chemists, alas, but still in awe of the elements and their exciting compounds. When a manuscript about our favorite black art was entered for *The Francis Bacon Award* for the humanizing of knowledge, it was greeted with cheers. And when furthermore it proved to be intensely interesting (to us) as well as entirely authoritative (to the experts—and in their opinion a prize winner) the old enthusiasm flared anew. The chapter titles alone bring back the days of dark experiments and miracles:

TREVISAN He Looks for Gold In A Dunghill
PARACELSUS A Chemical Luther Feeds A Bonfire
BECHER Fire Is Nothing, Something, Less Than Nothing
PRIESTLEY A Minister Finds The Pabulum Of Life
CAVENDISH A Millionaire Misanthrope Turns To The Elements
LAVOISIER The Guillotine Robs The Chemical Balance
DALTON A Quaker Builds The Smallest Of Worlds
BERZELIUS A Swede Tears Up A Picture Book
AVOGADRO The Spirit Of A Dead Man Leads A Battle
WOEHLER Urea Without A Kidney
MENDELÉEFF Siberia Breeds A Prophet
ARRHENIUS Three Musketeers Fight For Ions
CURIE The Story Of Marie And Pierre
THOMSON He Traps The Mote In A Sunbeam
le Of Ninety-Two
ster Or The Mil-

Readers of these Public Ponderings who have been reading *Crucibles* serially in *The Forum* will suspect the reasons for this *Haec Olim*. The *Inner Sanctum* recommends the July issue for the instalment dealing with MADAME CURIE and radium. This chapter is a more efficient advertisement for BERNARD JAFFE'S book than a month of *Inner Sanctum* columns.

—ESSANDESS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THE PHOENIX NEST

OUT of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is (we purloin the phrase from the late *Mr. Swinburne*, as you doubtless realize) comes a whoop from *Homer M. Parsons*, locally ensconced in San Bernardino, California. We have printed many a ferocious sonnet, so here is his ferocious ballade. We have had to tone down a word or two, for which we crave his indulgence:

How's your imagination? Picture, if you can, a fanatic dry converted by a miracle to wetness hypersaturated, but retaining his intolerant frenzy. Mount him on Pegasus, and hand him a stirrup-cup of fusel oil.

BALLADE AGAINST DRY LAWMAKERS

Snatched naked as any scalded shote,
And a bucket of boiling tar applied,
And cockleburs next, for an overcoat
Pressed firm and snug, then sat astride
A jouncing rail, may they take a ride
From hell to breakfast—or Kingdom Come!
Bane of the world, the sewers' pride—
The pirates who scuttled the good ship Rum!

May gallons of water run down the throat
Of such as these till, goggle-eyed,
They cough and strangle, and puff and bloat
Like a whale defunct swept in by the tide.
May their entrails shredded be stretched and dried
For the uke-hound college boys to strum.
May football factories claim the hide
Of pirates who scuttled the good ship Rum!

This for the hypocrite mob whose vote
Discredited Cana: May ribs be pried
Each from the other, till giblets float
Out of the gap, and thus provide
A hog-feast royal; may gnats abide
In their eyes, ears, mouth; may their tongues, like gum,
Be stretched round a mooring-mast and tied—
These pirates who scuttled the good ship Rum!

L'ENVOI

O gracious heaven, grant this beside:
May all the curses of Christendom
Dog at their heels till in hell they're fried—
These pirates who scuttled the good ship Rum!

Before Burton Rascoe joined *Plain Talk*, I tried this out on the late G. D. Eaton, who penciled "Whoops!" on the MS and wore it out before rejecting it because (he said) it might lead the public to believe *Plain Talk* was prejudiced! Let's hope the apostasy of the renegade dry who wrote it (presumably) will clear *The Phœnix Nest* of such a libelous charge! Davison looked it over when he was out here on the coast and suggested sending it to you.

It may be that *The Phœnix Nest* is no place for this cuckoo's eggs, but if you don't mind hatching one occasionally, I'll tempt you with an alleged poem that only *Sylvia Satan* can really understand. Where does the lady hail from, anyway?

To answer Mr. Parsons's query, our friend *Sylvia* seems to "hail from" Newark. And we cannot close this incident without presenting our present laureate's own signature, which devilishly endorses his epistle.

When we saw the title "Twentieth Century Civilization: A Drama in Four Acts," by *John Pierpont Morgan*, we were rather astonished, but on examining the volume we found that it was by *another* John Pierpont Morgan living out in California. The volume is brought out by the Harr Wagner Publishing Company of San Francisco, who published Joaquin Miller. The illustrations are apparently drawn by the author. They are amazing!

Barbara Frost of Stokes wonders how many people know that *Poe* sold "The Raven" for $10 and that the manuscript is now valued at $200,000. She finds her facts in *Thomas F. Madigan's* "Word Shadows of the Great," a book on autograph collecting which has been long overdue by this twenty years' expert and experienced collector. . . .

Incidentally we *are* sorry to hear of the death of another Stokes author, *Crosbie Garstin*, who wrote swell sea-poetry as well as spirited novels. We always liked his work and thought he never received sufficient recognition. We find that he was a year younger than we are. He was a really gifted romancer. He was drowned in Salcombe Harbor, Devon, while making for a yacht in a small, collapsible boat. . . .

Dr. Edwin Mims, a member of *The Golden Book's* advisory board and head of the English Department of Vanderbilt University, has selected the works of twelve American authors as among the twenty-five most worthwhile books of the twentieth century. *Asa Don Dickinson* has composed a parallel list. Dr. Mims's American authors are *Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Whitehead, Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, Lewis Mumford, Stuart Sherman, Eugene O'Neill*, and *Henry Adams*. Dickinson's Americans are *Edith Wharton, Joseph Hergesheimer, Tarkington, Jack London, Owen Wister, Robert Frost, Hamlin Garland, Willa Cather, Robinson, O. Henry, Sinclair Lewis*, and *O'Neill*. . . .

In "Skyways" we understand from *General William Mitchell* that men with full heads of hair, as a general rule, make better aviators than bald men. We're rapidly becoming worse and worse. . . .

Oh yes, "Skyways" is published by Lippincott. . . .

Ivan Swift of Harbor Springs, Michigan, sends us advance proofs of a brochure he prints which bears an otter for its device and the watchword "I do what I can." Swift's "Writs and Opinions" come from The Green Bench and he works hard at case and press. . . .

The Irish Free State has banned *Aldous Huxley's* "Point Counter Point," under its censorship act. Booksellers have been warned of heavy penalties if all copies are not immediately returned to the publishers. . . .

The author of "Watch Your Margin" (Horace Liveright), is no longer anonymous. He is *Jesse B. Lilienthal*, senior partner of the most important brokerage house on the Pacific Coast. He was Vice-President of the famous Anglo-London-Paris Bank of San Francisco at the age of thirty-one. . . .

Lippincott publishes at five dollars an unusual golf book, entitled "Picture Analysis of Golf Strokes," consisting of over three hundred illustrations from photographs of "*Jimmie*" *Barnes* in action, showing every detail of every stroke and playing every club in the bag. The photographs were taken by L. F. Deming. The book was originally published in 1919 and this is its seventh impression. We can heartily recommend it to all golfers. . . .

The late *Melville Davisson Post*, who died recently, was trained in the law. His "Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason," and his "Uncle Abner," to name merely two of the many books he wrote, were unusual in the ranks of fiction dealing with crime. Post was a West Virginian and an ardent Democrat. He was born in Romine's Mill, Harrison County, W. Va., April 19, 1871, near the place where later in life he made his home, a descendant of the pioneers of the State and a great-great-grandson of Daniel Davisson, a Major in the Revolutinary Army and a frontier fighter. He was graduated from the West Virginia University in 1891 and a year later received a degree of bachelor of laws.

The Little Oxford Dictionary of Current English, compiled by George Ostler, is just about the nicest pocket dictionary we have ever seen. In it 30,000 words are defined, and it will go into your hip pocket easily in place of your flask; in fact, it will almost go into your vest pocket. It sets you back only seventy-five cents, and the scholarship of the work is naturally beyond cavil. . . .

It being a warm evening, far away in the night we hear an eerie sound. It's probable those friends of ours honking for us in their car. But the stern daughter of the voice of God, and what a voice *her's* turned out to be, meaning *The Saturday Review*, holds us here in our cubicle. . . .

Not so you'd notice it, though!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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